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Editorial Assistant: Esther Meroño
Office Coordinator: Gavin Sheehan
Metal Coordinator: Bryer Wharton
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Photographers: Ruby Johnson, Katie Panzer, Dave Brewer, Sam Milianta, David Newkirk, Barrett Doran, Adam Heath, Jesse Anderson, John Carlisle, Eric Scott Russell, Chad Kirkland, Melissa Cohn, Gage Thompson, Megan Kennedy, Michael Schwartz
Videographers: Mary Catrow, Slugger, Andrew Schummer, Brock Grossl
Ad Sales: SLUG HQ 801.487.9221
Angela Brown: sales@slugmag.com
Mike Brown: mikebrown@slugmag.com
Jemie Sprankle: jemie@slugmag.com

Marketing Coordinator: Kamea Puriri
Marketing: Ischa Buchanan, Jeanette D. Moses, Stephanie Buschardt, Giselle Vickery, Veg Vollum, Emily Burkhart, Jeremy Riley, Sabrina Costello, Taylor Hunsaker, Tom Espinoza, Grason Roylance, Kristina Sandi, Brooklyn Ottens, Angella Lucisano
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About this cover: Tommy Guerrero frontside kickturn on a vertical wall over a kid drinking water. Photo courtesy: Stacy Peralta.

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Contributor Limelight Metal Coordinator – Bryer Wharton



Only one SLUG writer has inspired death metal legends Immolation to dedicate a highly blasphemous song to SLUG Magazine, and that writer is Bryer Wharton. Wharton has been covering all things metal for SLUG Magazine since 2005. In that time,

he has interviewed dozens of bands and reviewed countless CDs and live shows. Last October, Wharton was appointed SLUG's Metal Coordinator in recognition of his service to the dark lord. In August of 2010, Wharton helped launch Napalm Flesh, SLUG Magazine's weekly online exclusive metal feature on SLUGmag.com, where he and our intrepid team of highly evil metal writers unleash their dark knowledge upon the world every Thursday.

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Dear Dickheads,

I live in the same neighborhood as your wonderful establishment: Pierpont Avenue. I'm wondering if any of you are also living an episode of Parking Wars, as am I. You see, I've been living in the area for over three years now, and didn't have a car until recently, but now that I have one, I spend more money on parking tickets than I do on fucking gas! I've gone to the city and asked them for a parking pass, but apparently they are out of passes for the area, and refuse to let me buy one! How the fuck is that possible?!!! They just expect me to be okay with getting tickets on a daily basis until a pass magically becomes available! And those fucking meter maids are RELENTLESS. It's like the more tickets they can stick on a windshield, the fatter their chubs get. This is what I suggest if you guys are having to deal with the same bullshit from the parking enforcement retards: let's join together and call them out on their obviously flawed and corrupt system! Write an article or something! At this rate, my ticket fees are going to surpass my car payment!

Your Comrade in Cars,
Meter Maid Mauler

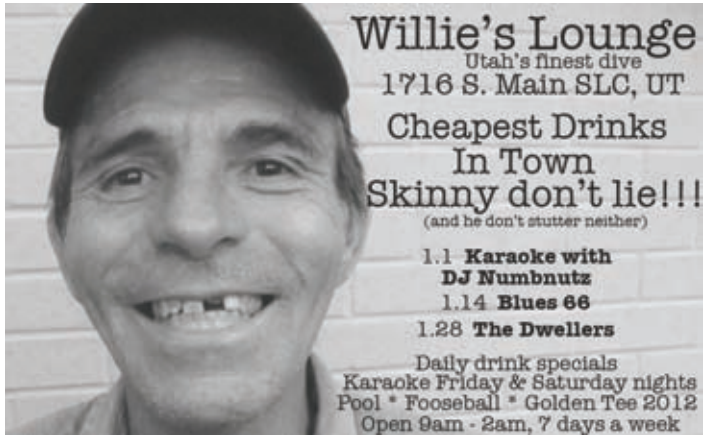
Dear Meter Maid Mauler,

Unfortunately, the staff of SLUG Magazine has also felt the wrath of those damned meter maids and, on more than one occasion, have been utterly frustrated by the lack of cooperation from the city employees who issue the permits. From our experience, obtaining a permit is about as easy as pulling teeth with a plastic spoon—painful, time-consuming and frustrating. Their system seems to be broken and backwards, and to get what you want, you're going to waste hours, maybe even days of your life trying to wade through the bureaucratic bullshit. This doesn't even account for how pissed off you'll become when you realize that your tax dollars pay for these incompetent boobs' salaries. I'm sure you've already browsed through the plethora of forms and instructions on slc.gov about how to obtain a permit, so I won't even bother telling you to check that garbage out. Maybe it's time to start an #OccupySLCJusticeCourt movement ...

xoxo,
SLUG Mag

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BOB MOSS

By Randy Harward • randito@comcast.net

1953 ~ 2011

Over the years, Bob Moss contributed to many *SLUG* projects. He designed the cover of *SLUG*'s 16th anniversary issue (Vol.16 Issue #194, Feb. 2005), translated and illustrated phrasing in the Deseret Alphabet for *SLUG*'s *Death By Salt III* local music compilation and released an exclusive track on the mag's first *Death by Salt* compilation. In addition to these official projects, Bob would sporadically send *SLUG Magazine* handwritten letters and pieces of art he had been working on. Bob was a musical and visual art-folk genius. He will be missed by many, but never forgotten.

Bob Moss was the greatest man I've ever known.

At first he was just the hairy dude in a picture on my friend **Brian Staker**'s desk. One day, while awaiting my paycheck, I imagined him plunking off-key songs on his beat-up guitar. "That's my friend Bob Moss," Staker said. "He's an artist and musician."

I adore a freakshow, so I begged Staker to tell me Bob had a CD. Days later I held his copy of Bob's *Headjug* CD, eyeballing the cover art.

A capsized, head-shaped jug lies between wavy words: "Bob Moss & the Westernmen" above and "Headjug with guest star Alvino Rey" below. An arrow points from "Headjug" to the actual jug. At left, peeking out from behind the jewel case's clear plastic spine, is a column of exotic characters (later I'd realize it was the Deseret alphabet, an obsolete Mormon creation) in the same scrawl—Bob's own hand, as it happened. The song titles foreshadowed a loony ride: "I Believe in Ghosts," "Clowntown," "NyQuil Habit."

I was giddy, sure I'd discovered—in terms of incredibly strange music—the mother lode. I wanted to clap like a toddler and exclaim, as Bob's song goes, "Oh Goody Goody."

Inside are handwritten album credits and a tight spiral of thank-yous to "**Toshiko Endo** & her dog **Buster**," "**Elvis** impersonators," folksingers, bluesmen, jazz cats, sci-fi authors, comics, artists and friends. Bob misspelled many words, even his own song titles ("Nye Quill Habit"), which reinforced my assessment of him.

Except there was this music. At first Bob's voice sounds kooky, and it doesn't help that he's singing about clowns, conspiracy theorists and cough syrup buzzes, either. (I still have contradictory urges—do I laugh or tremble—when he intones, "I take that NyQuil for an action-packed snooze.") *Headjug*'s outsiderly charms beguiled me, but an understated instrumental virtuosity bubbled beneath.

Eventually, Staker brought in a piece of Bob's folk art. It was a small piece of wood on which Bob had découpaged a photo of **Bob Dylan** and woodburned squiggly lines and Deseret characters. Visual art wasn't my cup of tea then, but this odd plank captivated me.

A couple of years later I pitched a story on Bob to *City Weekly*. He invited me to visit his home in Clearfield—a small office in the storage facility he managed for his folks. He was as I expected: awkward, peculiar, unique. Mostly the latter. More importantly, he was hospitable and kind. Even as he evaluated our trustworthiness, he made you feel like a welcome friend.

That first visit revealed a Wonka-esque world. I saw his cluttered workspace in the corner of the office, abutting his bed, which was strewn with more colorful, be-glittered woodburnings as well as scattered folk LPs and letters in various states of completion. He showed me his bathroom, and pointed out Pollock-y splatters on his shower wall. "I open all my canned goods in here so it doesn't get all over my stuff," he said, proud of the practicality.

Outside, he raised the aluminum door to a storage unit, unveiling a Fort Knox of art and miscellany. In the bed of an old pickup truck were piles of raw art materials—acrylic paints, glitter, unsanded boards alongside stacks of finished pieces. Afterward, he sat patiently on the train tracks out back as I wrestled with light and composition, hoping to capture a photograph that did this man

justice (at least as I knew him then).

He asked for a ride into Salt Lake—the first of many. As we drove, he wolfed down a plate of curry chicken and spoke of esoteric books and films, and friends like Toshi, an old Japanese woman he looked after. I thought how this man, who lived reclusively among massive clutter and disorganization, is who seemed to need a caretaker. Well, he did and he didn't.

Bob was precisely who he wanted to be. He'd occasionally lament his lack of funds, but he was essentially satisfied. "I'd be happy with fifty bucks," he once said. Such a modest sum, but he could stretch it forever, hunting bargains on art supplies, stamps, or the expired salad dressing he liked to pick up at the scratch-and-dent grocer. And somehow he found a way to give generously.

He wrote copious letters and often included return postage. Every year he'd send a small piece of art as a Christmas card. He offered to teach me to woodburn, and gave me scraps of leather and wood, or damaged gourds for practice. He even loaned out his treasured possessions.

I tried to give back. I started and, as time allowed, maintained his MySpace page, bought lunches, wrote articles, gave him promo CDs and images he might like to use in his art. It wasn't enough. Bob Moss was the mother lode of friendship. In addition to volumes of peerless music and art, he left me with the urge to create more than I consume, to be kind, compassionate and grateful.

He wasn't a freak—he was a true original. The greatest man I've ever known.

Bob Moss plays his banjo at the Beehive Tearoom in 2004.

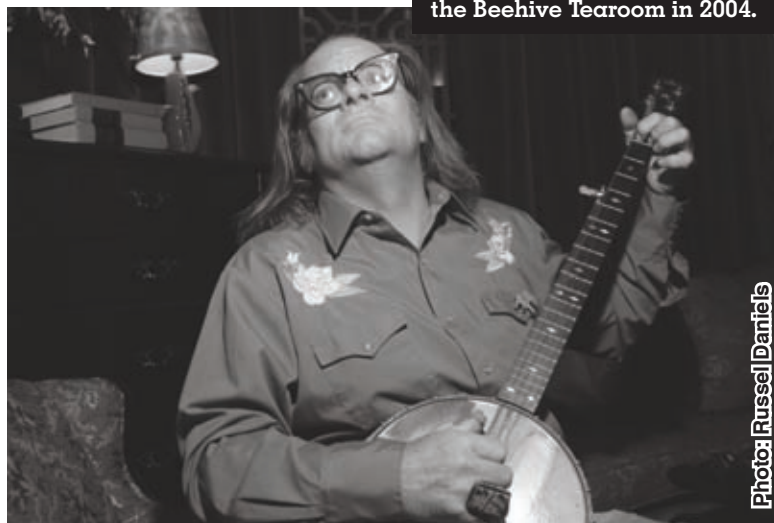


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WELCOME

Localized

By Alexander Ortega
alexander.r.ortega@gmail.com

Urban Lounge is the spot on Friday, Jan. 13 for bona fide rock n' roll and punk with **ABK** and **Vena Cava**. **Filth Lords** open the 21+ show, and, as always, \$5 gets you in.

ANNA KENNEDY - VOCALS/ACOUSTIC GUITAR
JEFF ANDERSON - LEAD GUITAR
JEREMY CARDENAS - RHYTHM GUITAR
DAVE JONES - BASS
ANDY PATTERSON - DRUMS/PRODUCER

Over the course of the last five or six years, Anna Kennedy has put her son to bed and stayed up late, singing spur-of-the-moment songs with her acoustic guitar. She initially captured what bandmate Andy Patterson refers to as "the magic" on her cell phone, and sent a slew of songs to a handful of friends at 2:30 a.m. over a few mornings last March. Patterson recalls, "One day, I woke up and there was an email ... with a song!" Patterson knew right away that Kennedy lit the flame for a sexy-sounding rock n' roll band with a dynamic frontwoman.

What Patterson heard were raw acoustic songs with Kennedy's sultry voice flowing like whiskey out of a bottle. Compelled by working with Kennedy when she was in bands such as **Racket** and **Trashmodels**, he agreed with Kennedy's desire to make a record out of what

she mass-emailed to her friends. The first people to reply comprised the lineup of the new band, but when their other projects and responsibilities hindered them from taking the project any further, Kennedy and Patterson decided to handpick a solid lineup. Upon initially reviewing Kennedy's material, Patterson instantly started thinking of whom would be great fits for certain roles/instruments in the band. He identified Jeff Anderson and Jeremy Cardenas for the guitar work, and the prodigious bassist Dave Jones—multi-faceted musicians without what Patterson refers to as "one-track minds." Though these musicians come from heavier projects like **Top Dead Celebrity**, **Dwellers** and **Oldtimer**, they have no problem playing a relatively more mellow style of music. Jones captures it perfectly when he says, "Good musicians listen to about every kind of music ... I've done a lot of stuff and basically listened to every kind of music. When stuff's good, you want to be a part of it." With members who pull in a diverse fan base, including regular old "drunks" and "dudes with beards with beer in their hands," they could virtually play with anybody and for any audience.

Once the band solidified its lineup last April, **Kevin Kirk** of *The Heavy Metal Shop* asked them to open for **Eddie Spaghetti**. Online videos of the show depict the band as having

enough discipline and sensitivity to dynamics to highlight Kennedy as the focal point, hence the name ABK (which stands for Ann-Britt Kennedy). Kennedy shines as the singer-songwriter figure of the band, although she is quite modest about her role in ABK. "Honestly, I don't really think about it very much. It's just music that I've been playing for a really long time by myself, so I'm pretty stoked that it's actually on a record now with my friends playing it with me," she says.

Speaking of records, the band is about halfway done with an official full-length release. When Kennedy and Patterson were in the process of cementing the official lineup, Kennedy recorded some solo scratch tracks in Patterson's studio. From there, as the rest of the band accumulated, each member took her solo tracks to build upon privately. Whether it was Patterson thinking about what would fit with Kennedy's parts in terms of the beat or what would complement her songs on a recording (e.g. subtle uses of piano or steel guitar), or Anderson creating preliminary guitar lines to bring to practice, the band has focused on Kennedy's individual energy to bring to practice and develop the release. Anderson says, "It's not overly rehearsed and it's not overly thought-out." That is, the band comes to recording sessions prepared, but, in the end, they look at where Kennedy's songs want to go organically. ABK hope to release their new album by the time *Localized* rolls around, but are making sure not to rush the process, as they want to take as long as necessary in order to make the release sound as refined as possible.

When the album is finished, fans will be able to buy a copy online. Whether ABK will self-release the album or find a label is still to be determined, but they all agree that physical copies will eventually be available for a small amount of dough at their shows. Kennedy and the boys plan to peddle their rock n' roll at *The Heavy Metal Shop* for an all-ages CD-release show in conjunction with what will most likely be a bar show later on in the night. At some point, they hope to do some weekend shows in nearby states, but until then, you can likely catch this lady n' these gents around town with anyone and everyone for a night of smoky rock n' roll.

BRANDON HOBBS -
GUITAR / VOCALS
ANDREW EARLEY -
BASS / BACKUP VOCALS
MILO HOBBS -
DRUMS / YELLING "BRAINS!"

Vena Cava (pronounced Vee-na Cave-uh) started as exercise to keep drummer, Milo Hobbs alive. Upon fighting cancer and facing post-chemotherapy complications, Milo developed a blood clot in his superior vena cava, the large vein that carries deoxygenated blood into the heart from the head, arms and upper body. In order to help eliminate the clotting, he had to exercise that region of his body. "I had to keep my limbs active and a friend had a drum kit that wasn't being used, so I asked him if I could borrow it, and I just started playing," he says.

Milo asked his little brother, guitarist Brandon Hobbs, to come and jam with him in his garage about a year ago. Brandon recalls Milo calling him, briskly requesting him to come over and play some music so Milo could learn the drums. "Then we started writing songs and started working," Brandon says. From there, the brothers entreated their coworker at *Brewvies*, Andrew Earley, to come play with them. The Hobbs brothers attribute *Brewvies* as the channel that initially connected the two with Earley. Even though Earley didn't play bass at first, that didn't stop the Hobbses from inculcating him into their project. "Andrew and I learned our instruments in this band. It went really easily. Just bam, bam, bam—all of a sudden, we just started kicking out songs. [We] didn't even expect to," says Milo. Although they did not intend to become a band initially, Vena Cava's framework solidified into their eerie brand of avant-garde punk—all in just over a year.

Brandon lyrically implanted his love for horror films in what the band refers to as "monster civil rights." Earley explicates their thematic approach as, "Normal stuff that other bands

write songs about, just framed with horror ties," he says. "[The] 'monster civil rights' thing is kind of a joke, but it's true: lyrics about picketing for zombies and love songs about fucking monsters." Excavating his lyrical influence, Brandon says, "I'm a horror-movie fanatic. So, it's basically the easiest thing for me to write about, but I try to do it in a sense where, if you were listening to it, you wouldn't really know." Even though the band illustrates their topics in a macabre way, they didn't necessarily intend to frame themselves so morbidly—when *Burt's* show-booker **Jeremy Sundeaus** asked them what their name was for their first show last spring, they compulsively selected Vena Cava from a handful of other names they were playing with. Every show they play, however, indicates that their inner zombies had decreed that they act as synecdoches for Milo's vein from the get-go, to act as undead bodies bent on carnivorous survival, thirsty for blood. Onstage, their countenances change from that of friendly *Brewvies* employees to livid-looking monsters: Brandon screams gutturally as he performs dissonant melodies on his guitar; Earley paces back and forth threateningly like a boss fight in a dark video game; Milo's brow furrows as his arms stampede across his drums, solidly. Milo jokes, "That's probably just the look of concentration." Nonetheless, Vena Cava generate a true sense of performance as they enact the ambience of their songs.

Vena Cava have never had any intentional direction for their style. Earley says, "We still can't define it. When people ask what we sound like, we just make jokes." Though their songs sound quite involved—with alternating rhythms and time signatures, and melodious guitar and bass lines that dip into occasional atonality to push their songs forward—Milo jokingly chalks up their musical approach to "lack of talent ... On my part, anyway." He says, "I think everything had to be really simple for me, because it was all I could do, slowly adding stuff." Talent or not, the band has cultivated a style that

seems like a punk rock take on classical composition with a sense of movement and musical narrative, which still retains the sense of a minimalist rock song, devoid of the pretentiousness of a long-winded symphony. With Brandon's raspy vocals, Vena Cava simulates a raw atmosphere that one could envision as the '80s hardcore scene.

Vena Cava just recorded a four-song demo with **Nika Bennett** (**Endless Struggle**) manning the ad hoc studio in Milo's garage, which actually sounds like it was recorded by **Andy Patterson**. To get the release, the band suggests that you simply ask them, and jokes for fans to "be patient" while they burn copies. "If they bring a CD-R with them, it's much more likely [we'll get it to them.]" Earley says, kidding. All joking aside, those who want the CD at *Localized* can get it there. "We'll give them out for free," says Brandon. "There's no need selling them—we didn't pay for it, so why sell it?" Vena Cava plan to record a full-length over the rest of winter—once again, in Milo's garage by Bennett. The band has no solid tour plans yet, but have discussed a possible tour with *Endless Struggle* later in the year. Until then, you can probably catch them again at *Burt's* with **Stark Raving Mad**, **Two Bit** or the **Utah County Swillers**—with T-shirts sometime soon. And all you youngsters out there, don't fret: "We want to play all-ages shows really bad," Earley says. Brandon agrees as he says, "Hopefully, after this *Localized*, we'll be able to [play] *Kilby*."

Come out to *Urban Lounge* on Friday, Jan. 13 to lose yourself in a bad-luck monster chomp-fest with Vena Cava and be slowly assuaged by the sultry rock n' roll of ABK. Filth Lords will season your carcasses with a dash of dirty post-street punk. \$5 at the door, baby.

Photo: Katie Panzer



Photo: Jesse Anderson

ABK





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THE ACCIDENTAL TRIUMPH OF
ONI TATTOO
5 YEARS OF SLINGING INK
 By Megan Kennedy • iamnightsky@gmail.com

The Land of Zion may be lacking in some areas of rebellion, but certainly not when it comes to tattoo shops. Take one Friday night cruise down State Street north from 4500 South, and you will find no less than ten shops (at last count) willing to take your hard-earned cash and scrape some permanent art on your arm. But not all tattoo shops are created equal, and they are definitely not all on State Street. For those pilgrims looking to wander a little off the beaten path (and willing to exercise patience for an appointment), *Oni Tattoo* has become a haven of quality art, laid-back atmosphere and dedicated needle-slingers who are in it for the love of the work. For owner **Greg Christensen**, all the difficult hours of running a business and maintaining his tattoo portfolio have seen reward: The shop celebrated its five-year anniversary in Dec., a huge milestone for any small business, especially one as successful as *Oni*.

Located on 900 South and 325 East, stepping into *Oni* is like stepping into a well worn pair of Chuck Taylors: familiar, laid-back and comfortable. Over the addicting buzz of the tattoo machines, rock music is pumped into the cozy shop (but more like **Red Fang** than **Slayer**). The dark-toned walls are plastered

with flash and beautiful, Asian-inspired artwork. With only a few private rooms, the shop is dominated by one public room where you can watch someone get inked while getting your own—a fantastic distraction for those who aren't big on pain. Christensen is as much of a surprise as his shop: He's tall, soft-spoken, professional and calm as a zen master. Surely running one of the most popular tattoo joints in Salt Lake is more stressful than this?

One thing Christensen has learned in his five years in the business: "Don't grind yourself into the ground trying to make your business work. I've recently stepped back and only take one or two appointments a day, Monday through Friday. For the first three years, I was here five to six days a week, open to close. Now I just kick back and focus on tattooing, and the business runs itself. I could leave for a week and a half and come back and everything would be the same. I trust everyone here, and they trust me."

Christensen's cavalcade of incredible tattoo artists have created quite the family at *Oni*, and he insists this perfect balance of "not too many, not too few" on staff is part of the secret of his success. Current staff includes the legendary **Sarah de Azevedo**, **Shane Barlow**, **Ryan Johnson**, **Clark Snyder** and **Jared Hayes**. De Azevedo and Barlow approached Christensen wanting to work for him as soon as word of *Oni's* opening came, and Hayes joined the crew after *Oni* merged with *Apparition Ink* last January. Christensen plans to hire maybe one more artist, but that's the limit. "You don't want too many artists in one shop. It makes it cut-throat. The right amount makes the perfect balance that there's enough work to stay busy without feeling like other artists are stealing out of each other's pockets."

"Cut-throat" is a description used a lot here in Salt Lake, from the music scene to the tattoo scene, and *Oni's* opening was not free from this drama. "We're friends

with a lot of studios, but there are a lot of studios that just don't like when other shops open up. Other cities like Philly or New York, certain artists will go work at other shops across town and then go back to their original studios. Salt Lake just has a weird competitive vibe," says Christensen. But Christensen insists this roadblock—and the drawback of not being one of the State Street squad—has done nothing to inhibit his business, even in the dawning months. "The first month of business actually went pretty smoothly. There was a lot of sitting around, but only because there was a lot of clientele still trying to find us. Once everyone found us, we were set. By February of the following year, everyone was booked out at least six weeks."

Christensen's inspiration for opening his own shop, he says, wasn't actually to run a successful tattoo studio—his original idea for *Oni* was to cater to his friends. Christensen has been tattooing for 12 years, starting in high school, when his friendship with "skinheads and punk rockers" motivated him to build his own tattoo machine, like MacGuyver from Hell, out of found parts like guitar strings and a square battery. After a dead-end job as a restaurant manager, Christensen bought a mail-order tattooing kit, began





doing his own work from his home, and soon found himself under the apprenticeship of **Bonnie Seeley** of *Quicksand Tattoo*. His favorite art to do? "Anything with blood and skulls," he says. When he took out a second mortgage five years ago to re-do his kitchen, like any reasonable person, Christensen decided to use some of the funds to open a tattoo studio for his buddies. But he had no intentions of being a successful (or otherwise) business owner. "We all used to work together at another place, and once they heard I was opening my own studio, they approached

me to ask if they could work for me. I didn't approach anyone to work here. It all just sort of fell together."

Now five years later, things are a lot different than he imagined: He is a businessman and a big commercial success. Even culturally, tattoos have made an unexpected leap into mainstream with reality shows like *LA Ink* and *Miami Ink* showcasing "real life" in an upscale tattoo joint. From an outsider's perspective, this exposure follows the ol' **P.T. Barnum** "There's no such thing as bad publicity" school of thought, and may push fence-sitters to finally pick up their balls and get under the needle. Christensen says the shows have certainly contributed more business, but like all good things, it has come with a catch. "People come in and want a portrait done in half an hour and want to pay \$60 bucks for it. We've had to turn people away before who come in with \$100 in their pocket and they want this massive tattoo and want it done in one sitting. I wish the reality shows would show exactly how long the tattoo took and how much it costs. But I don't mind them, I watch them to make myself feel better. At least my business doesn't run like that," says Christensen.

Christensen isn't running himself to death with all the behind-the-scenes work of a business owner, the shop has smoothed out its day-to-day operations, and everyone has done a lot of growing. While he

has no giant business plans for the next five years, Christensen and *Oni* will continue to participate in the *Salt Lake City Tattoo Convention*, and maybe hire another artist for their unique and successful staff. He may not have been planning to be such a smashing success, and he's happy with where *Oni* has landed, but is there any one lesson Christensen wishes he could go back in time five years ago and tell himself? "Don't do it," he says with a laugh. "Nah, nothing. I think everything went great."



The *Oni* crew (left to right): Clark Snyder, Greg McLaughlin, Greg Christensen, Shane Barlow, Jared Hayes, Sarah de Azevedo and Ryan Johnson.



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ETHIOPIAN RESTAURANT AND MARKET

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greens, \$6) and the light and refreshing Fesolia (mixed vegetables with green beans, \$6.50). Our veggie combo (\$9) included all of these plus a deliciously sweet and spicy potato mixture that didn't appear to be on the menu.

The truly special menu item and the thing that really got me pumped about Mahider is the coffee ceremony (\$10; menu says it's a 3-person minimum, but they've made it for two twice now). True coffee lovers know that the Ethiopians discovered coffee, which they call bunna (boo-na). It's not quick, so ask for it when you order your food and plan to spend some time waiting. Starting with 100% imported Ethiopian green coffee beans, the server roasts them at a special stand in the restaurant. About 30 minutes into your meal, as the scent of roasting coffee fills the air, she brings the popping and sizzling pan to your table and shakes the beans, then retreats to the kitchen to cool them. Meanwhile, she lights heady, heavy incense over charcoal and, when the beans are ready, grinds them to a soft powder and steeps them in a clay carafe. Finally, a little over an hour after you order, your server brings you a platter of sweet and salty popcorn and soon after that, demitasse cups of the strong, rich black brew cooled to the perfect drinking temperature. Ethiopians drink the coffee very sweet, but it is thick and creamy without any need for milk (and I'm normally one of those heavy-cream-in-my-coffee people).

I eat at a number of family-run, strip-mall ethnic eateries, and they share a tendency to be slower and more relaxed than more typical American restaurants. I've eaten at Mahider twice without getting the tomato salad that reportedly comes with the entrees, but others who have eaten there the same day as I did declare it delicious. Menu items may vary from what's described, based on the available ingredients or perhaps the whim of the cook, and if you ask your server what something is or what's in a dish, you might not get an answer. My suggestion is to just relax, enjoy this as part of the adventure and go on a day when you're not in a hurry. And, if you're allowed, get the coffee—you won't be sorry!

with. There are no utensils and food is delivered family style atop a flat sourdough bread called injera. This bread, made from the indigenous grain teff, also serves as your utensil: Break off a piece and use it to scoop your entrees up. Rice can be substituted for the bread on request and Mahider will serve your meal in separate bowls if you ask, but where's the fun in that? The menu offers a good variety of beef, poultry and vegetarian entrees, including several combos that allow you to experience a little of almost everything. There's even a kid's menu, several Ethiopian beers to select from, plus a spiced honey wine called Tej (\$15) and American soft drinks.

Dishes range from the relatively unadventurous but delicious Yedoro Wot (\$11), a delicately spiced chicken thigh grilled in a ginger-lemon sauce and served with homemade cottage cheese, to the very exciting Gored Gored (\$10), beef spiced with honey and wine, served nearly raw. Quanta Firfir (\$8), dried but tender beef cooked in the ubiquitous berbere (African chili) based wot sauce, is a delicious choice if you're new to the cuisine. We also tried a light but spicy berbere beef stew, Yesega Wot (\$8), and Yesega Aliche (\$7), a tangy, dark brown stew spiced with turmeric. A beef and chicken combo (\$12) includes Yedoro Wot, Yesega Wot and Yesega Aliche.

For vegetarians, the menu offers the highly recommended spicy Yemisr Wot (lentils, \$6.50) and the sharply spiced Tikil Gomen (cabbage, \$6). You may also enjoy the fresh-tasting Gomen (collard

Meat and vegetarian combos from Mahider.

When I first moved to Salt Lake City from rural Louisiana, one thing I loved about "big city life" was the vast variety of cuisines to sample, but I was disappointed that one of my favorites—Ethiopian—was missing. I made it a point to eat at Ethiopian restaurants any time I traveled because it is a wonderful and unique style of food, so I'm pleased to announce that we finally have our very own full-service Ethiopian eatery right here.

Sharing space with an African market in a State Street strip mall, Mahider won't win any contests for décor or ambience. The dining area is decked out in the red, green and gold of the Ethiopian flag and decorated with photos of traditional dress, portraits and a depiction of the Ethiopian alphabet. On both my visits, the sound system played a variety of traditional and updated African songs with fast beats and ululating vocals. Plain red plastic table cloths on the tables tell you this is a homey place, but shakers labeled "Chewe" (salt) and "Mitmita" (powdered red cayenne pepper, rather than your usual ground black pepper) remind you that you're here for something different. The staff seems to be recent immigrants, and most are shy with a little bit of a language barrier. This is not a fancy date-night restaurant, but don't let that stop you. If your date balks at eating here, dump them and find someone more adventurous.

Ethiopian food is served in a style most Americans haven't encountered before and is probably best saved for dining with someone you are comfortable



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TRANNNY GET YER GUN
By Princess Kennedy • Facebook.com/princess.kennedy

Princess Kennedy believes it's a constitutional right to own a weapon, but she'll stick to keeping herself out of dangerous situations rather than risk going to prison over firearm misuse.

For those of you who read my column every month, you've learned the special set of challenges unique to those who trans-identify like myself. I've gone through social, political, familial and even sexual, situations fine, but sometimes it's the everyday situations that can be the roughest. The looks of disgust, the tone of disapproval and the threats that come from under the breath that make the hair on the back of your neck stand up, because you know it's not idle.

On the whole, I feel overwhelming support from Salt Lake. I know most of you have my back, but, alas, I know there are people who would rather see me on my back in a shallow grave, and for me to think otherwise would be careless.

The rash of fag bashing that we experienced this fall scares the shit outta me because I walk in the same areas all the time, alone. One night last Feb., I walked from *The Complex* to *Metro*, drunk as fuck in my bra, panties, stilettos and a fur coat. So stupid! I know better than that and I am a huge believer that the best way to stay out of trouble is to not be a fucking idiot. Luckily, it was a blizzard out, because in an alternate universe I was getting raped, beaten, cut, curbed and dragged behind a four-wheeler before being hanged, drawn, quartered and shot.

After these incidents, there was a sort of community panic about how to be safe, stay safe and send a message. This became an outcry for vigilantism. Not pepper spray, tasers, karate or common sense—it went straight to “I’m getting a gun.” Myself included. I thought I’d get a little pearl-handled revolver for my clutch and whip it out if I found myself in a

compromised situation, like some hot Bond Girl delivering a “Sorry to disappoint you...” witty line.

I came across a post for the Concealed Firearms Permit class, being offered at the Pride Center. I immediately signed up to take the four-hour class so I could get my strap on!

The class is offered by **Scott Mogilefsky**, who (according to *utahccwtraining.com*) “... is a Veteran of the U.S. Army, served overseas and was deployed to hostile environments. He is an avid hunter (rifle and bow), outdoorsman, mountaineer, survivalist and marksman.” His 20 years of experience, and his compassion for what the LGBTQ community has gone through, inspired this family man from Syracuse, Utah to call the Pride Center and offer his training as a Concealed Firearm Instructor through the Utah Bureau of Criminal Identification.

I immediately felt comfortable with Mogilefsky. I could tell he wasn't one of these gun happy, crazy militia types. I wasn't surprised to hear that no one showed up to the first class and he had been met with criticism from certain members of the LGBTQ community who felt suspicious that he was exploiting the gay community's misfortune for monetary gain.

I am here to tell you that nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, the class Mogilefsky teaches is set by strict guidelines from the BCI and comes from a place of concern and empowerment. The class is so intense that it's obvious no one really wants you to have a gun. There are so many rules to follow and so much info in the class that the reading material is a good two

inches thick. The circumstances in which you actually shoot someone and have it count as self-defense are very few. Here is a huge myth: If someone breaks into your house, unless you are being mortally threatened or raped, you will go to prison if you shoot. If you decide to carry your gun unloaded and pulled it on someone you felt was going to attack you, you'll go to prison for “brandishing a weapon.” If you were around when **Dane Hall** was being attacked, the only point at which you could have taken a gun out to help him was JUST prior to the part where he got curbed, because that is when his life became threatened. The point when you can actually shoot a person is so limited, it's about a three second window to decide, so you better be calm, in control and highly trained, or you will go to prison. If you thought that being called fag outside the club was bad, I'm sure that it's nothing to being dry fucked in your cell by **Curtis Allgier**.

I firmly believe that it is your constitutional right to have a weapon. For those of you who don't, you should take Mogilefsky's class. You will actually learn a lot about what you think you know. It's not the people taking the class or the well-informed instructors that are out fucking shit up—it's the dumbasses who don't care that shoot people.

I think I'm good on getting the gun—I don't want the responsibility of making a life-altering mistake. Like shooting a baby, a friend or myself in some post-hangover depression.

I'll stick to the fantasy of being a trained assassin and promise to try and keep myself out of stupid and dangerous situations.

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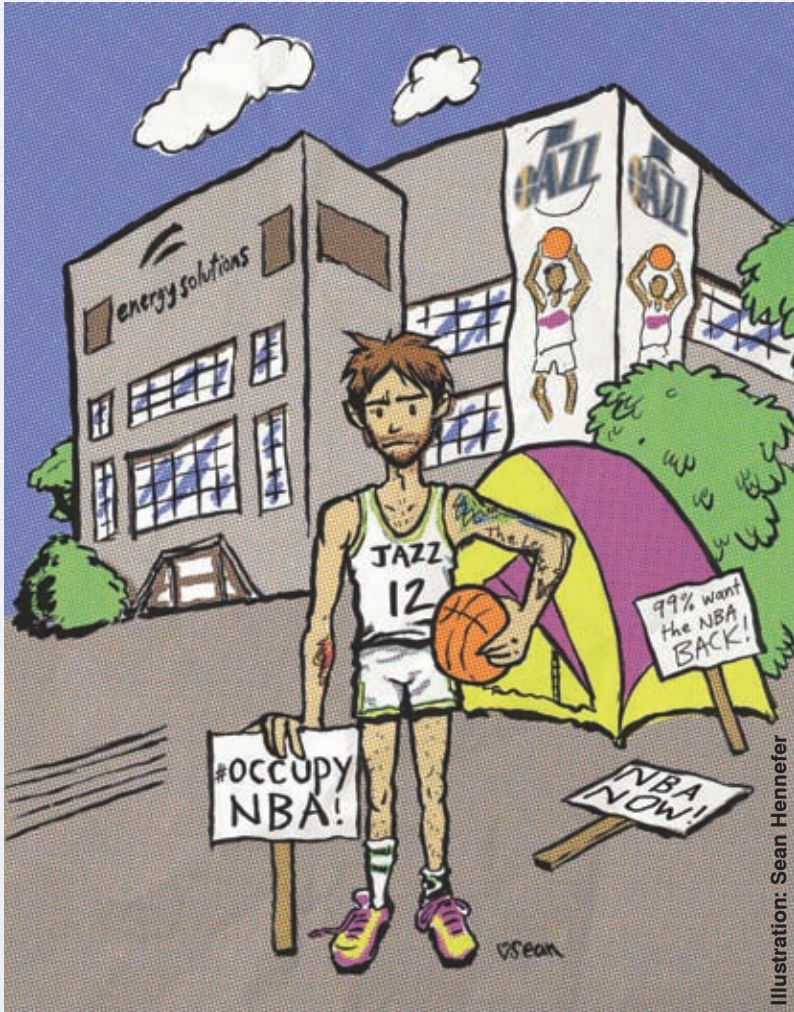
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OCCUPY NBA

How I single-handedly ended the lockout.

By Mike Brown • mikebrown@slugmag.com



The 2010-11 Utah Jazz season was like **Michael J. Fox** in a martini bar: shaky. The best coach professional sports had ever seen rode his John Deere into the sunset sans NBA title. A few weeks later, **Deron "Coach-Killer" Williams** was sent packing to one of America's most well known shit holes: Newark, New Jersey.

The most luminous cloud of this shit storm was knowing all season that 2011-12 NBA Basketball was in more jeopardy than **Alex Trebek**. The NBA lockout was lurking like a slow moving tsunami.

The last time this happened, during the '98-'99 season, the Jazz got fucked harder than a **Kardashian** on All-Star Weekend. The tremendous trifecta of **Stockton**, **Malone** and **Hornacek** were aging, but still had one last title run in the tank, especially given that that bald bitch ass with a gambling problem known as **Michael Jordan** was retired.

But the condensed schedule was too much for the Jazz's Bengay-drenched, old tired legs. It's a different situation this year, seeing how more than half the Jazz team can't get into a bar. Legally, that is. Some people would be ecstatic to have dinner with a Jazz player. Well, I have, and now that I can cross that off my checklist, I really want to show

Gordon Hayward and **Derrick Favors** how to chug an Irish Car Bomb properly.

November of 2011 finally came, and not having to rearrange my life around Jazz games was only going to lead to two different life options: I was going to be way more productive or way more drunk.

One night while I was balls deep in a sea of Jim Beam and Budweiser at one of my favorite downtown dives, the *Jackalope*, I was checking my twitter feed, which was flooded with #OccupyWallStreet crap. Then it struck me—I could single-handedly save basketball. #OccupyNBA was born. It was time to take action.

When I'm driving in the afternoon, I'm listening to sports talk radio. For weeks, so-called expert journalists were trying to explain what the fuck a collective bargaining agreement was and how the lockout worked to us laymen, but all I saw were millionaires fighting billionaires over more money than I'll ever see in my life.

Mike Brown is a part of the 99% that wanted to watch basketball. #OccupyNBA

Fuck both sides of that fight—the real victims were the fans. The sports talk radio show guys kept saying that. And I, for one, refuse to live my life as a victim. Shit happens to everyone. You can either sit in the pile and learn to relish the smell or get your shovel and start digging your way out of it.

So, instead of complaining, I formulated a plan. It was apparent that the short bald fuckhead named **Derek Fisher**, who was "representing" the players alongside that dick fuck **Billy Hunter**, was never going to respond to my tweets. Mostly because I was tweeting him to get his head out of his dickhole and give me some fucking basketball. I tried to tweet that midget gremlin-looking fuck Commissioner **David Stern** the same thing, but Stern doesn't tweet.

Time to formulate a solid plan that involves tents, but doesn't involve killing any homeless drug addicts. Step one: Make some #OccupyNBA picket signs that say, "99% of the US population want some fucking basketball," and "Stop player and owner greed."

Step two: Camp out in front of the Delta Center statues (I refuse to call the house that Stockton built "Energy Solutions Arena") until security tells me to leave, and then have one of my buddies across the street call all the local news stations and film me in case I get pepper sprayed.

Step three: Have nightly marches from the Delta Center to the nearest Larry H. Miller used Toyota dealership and give the man in charge of the Jazz a piece of my mind. I respect you, **Greg Miller**, but you will never be the genius capitalist your great father was.

As happy as I was that I could finally say that I was getting paid more than an NBA baller for the month of November, the time to hit the streets and exploit my first amendment rights had come—but it was fucking cold outside. So instead, I just bought the new *Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim* for the Xbox to occupy my time while I resorted to some final desperation tweets.

Finally, out of seemingly nowhere and out of hours of negotiations that I didn't give a shit about, all the douche fucks responsible for numbing my life with sports came to an agreement and decided to play some goddamn hoops. I'm like Moroni—I don't mind tooting my own horn. I feel personally responsible for bringing back the NBA to the fans all through a simple hashtag I created. Next time you see me, buy me a shot as a thank you. Because of me, basketball is back. You're welcome, bitches.

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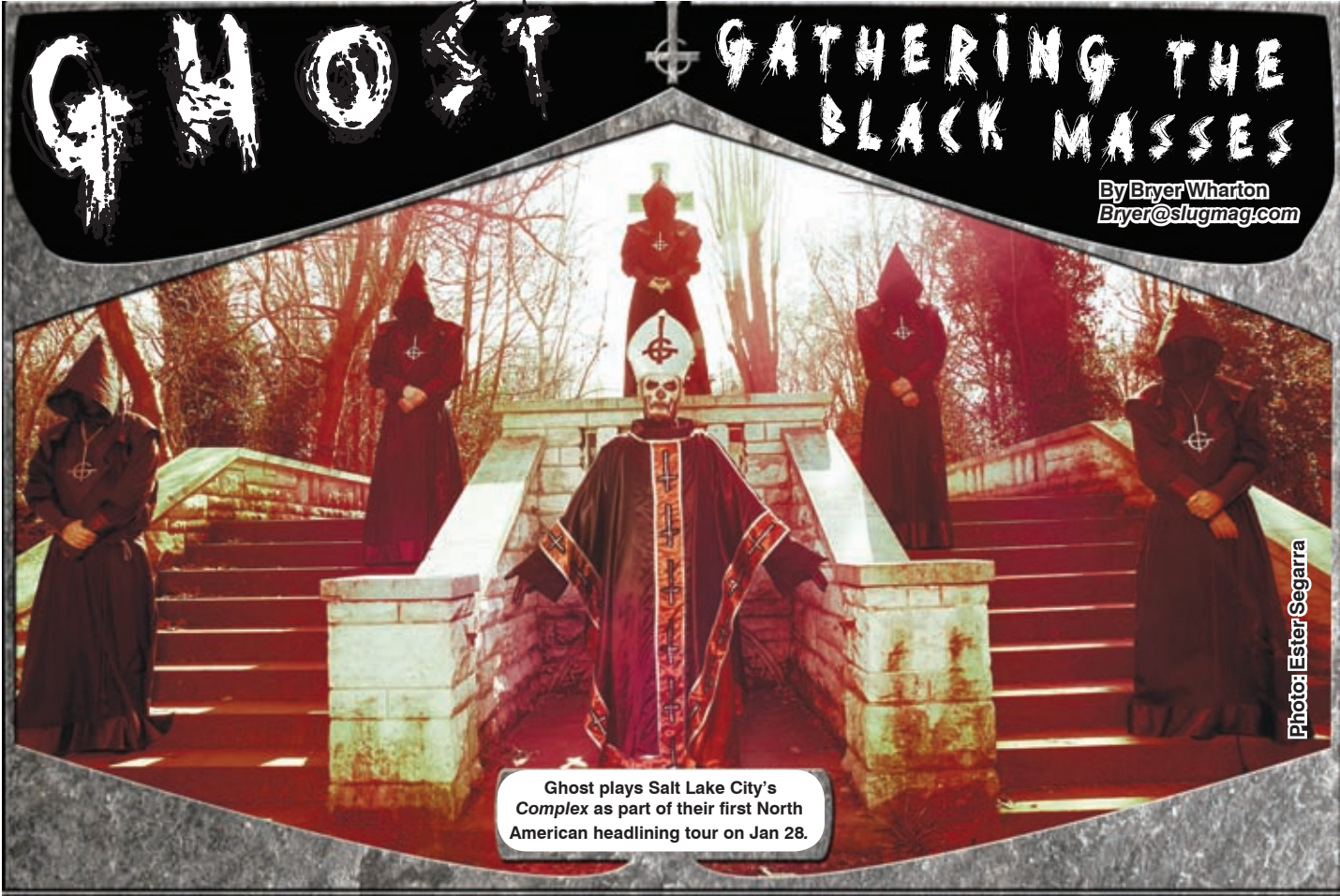
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“Our conjuration sings infernal psalms and smear the smudge in bleeding palms.” These words come soothing and rumbling from “Con Clavi Con Dio,” the second track from Ghost’s *Opus Eponymous*. The entire debut album from Sweden’s band of nameless ghouls plays out like a black mass deceptively delivered as a pop-inspired rock n’ roll entity.

Ghost emerged in 2008, playing live shows clad in cloaks with their faces covered, their frontman adorned in a demonic pope outfit and skull-painted face. Speculation immediately came from fans and cynics: Are Ghost a gimmick, or something more sinister? Gimmick or not, Ghost have an album of solid rock tunes influenced heavily by ’70s rock, pushed by catchy riffs and rhythms, wrapped up with an eerie but fun vocal style. The album and Ghost’s live shows have been turning heads since **Darkthrone’s Fenriz** gave the band a nod as one of his favorite bands in a 2010 interview and since more popular metal culprits such as **James Hetfield** have been seen wearing Ghost T-shirts—it always helps to have friends in high and evil places. In an interview with one of Ghost’s Nameless Ghouls, I attempted to unravel the mystery behind the band.

SLUG: On the upcoming tour, Ghost will be performing in Salt Lake City—the home turf of the LDS Church. Did you see this as a challenge to Ghost’s satanic message? **Nameless Ghoul:** Obviously we are a band with ambition. We believe in spreading our message and our concept and our show on a worldwide basis—there are very few cities and regions that you wish to exclude. Albeit that Utah and Salt Lake City are known worldwide

for having such a Christian stronghold, isn’t it true that you have a quite strong and large hardcore and metal following there?

SLUG: We do. **Ghoul:** Obviously everything goes according to a plan, whether it be a sort of philosophical one or just a geographical one. We would never exclude a city just because it’s a Christian stronghold, especially in a civilized part of the world. I mean it’s one thing playing in Jordan or Syria—then we’re talking about something different. It’s just according to the plan to bring our gospels to America and manifest what Ghost does for the first time.

SLUG: Many bands use theatrics as part of their live show, but the music should stand evenly with the visual elements—a lot of bands fail on one level or the other. What makes Ghost’s live ritual unique? **Ghoul:** We’re trying to build a very theatrical bubble around everything that we do. It’s supposed to be something that you walk into and there is supposed to be stimulation for your eyes, ears and nose. I think that is probably where we differ from a lot of other bands, because we’re approaching what we do with a very theatrical and almost cinematic way, albeit as a rock n’ roll show. We want to tickle the same nerve that a filmmaker tries to tickle when they create a film like *The Omen* or *The Exorcist* or any kind of occult type film. We’re doing music first and foremost—had we not had the songs, it would be a bit harder to pull off just by dressing up in Halloween costumes. It’s supposed to be something grandiose and extreme and something

different—not better or worse, higher or lower, just different.

SLUG: It’s been said that one of the missions of Ghost is to corrupt the righteous with your rock music, but your fan base might mostly already be terribly corrupted. Does Ghost have any further plans to corrupt the supposed incorruptible? **Ghoul:** I guess that goes along with being successful sort of above the smallest, most underground and devoted groups out there. Once you’ve gone beyond them, that usually means the people aren’t necessarily subjected to Satanic music on a day-to-day basis. Speaking from someone that has actually seen the crowd, I’d say there are a lot of people that have been exposed to this who are not usually associated with bands that are very devil-embraced. However, rock n’ roll is devil-embraced—one of the first bringers of the Satanic message was probably **Elvis Presley**.

SLUG: Satanism is viewed in massively different ways by different cultures. What is the main purpose behind your Satanic message? Do you believe in Satan as he is described by Christianity, or in a different way? **Ghoul:** The most important thing for us is basically that Satan believes in us.

Join Ghost and their musical black mass as their first North American headlining tour rolls into town on Jan. 28 at *The Complex* with the brilliant doom and gloom coming from the stellar support acts **Blood Ceremony** and **Ancient VVidom**.

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By Jeanette D. Moses •••••••••••••••••••• jeanette@slugmag.com

For the past 17 years, **Paul Rachman** has made the trek to Park City every January to be a part of what he describes as the film festival “circuit” that overtakes the small mountain town. His ties to the film festival community run deep, so it’s no surprise that he makes the annual journey. Rachman helped found *Slamdance Film Festival* in the mid-’90s and currently serves as the Festival’s east coast director—he met his future wife, **Karin Hayes**, at *Slamdance* in 2003 during a premiere of her film, *The Kidnapping of Ingrid Betancourt* and most recently, in 2006, premiered his documentary film, *American Hardcore*, at *Sundance Film Festival*. “[It’s] important to me because there is a tight community of people helping each other,” he says.

Unfortunately, Rachman’s most recent project, a music documentary titled *Lost Rockers*, won’t be making a premiere at *Sundance*, but for Rachman the *Sundance* rejection isn’t the end of the world. He’ll have plenty to keep him busy—serving as a producer for his wife’s documentary film, *We’re Not Broke*, which will premier at *Sundance* and as the executive producer for a *Slamdance* film called *Buffalo Girls*. “*Lost Rockers* had so much more work to go into it to even present it as a premiere at *Sundance*, the fact that it’s not [premiering] is such a relief. The next six

weeks would have been really difficult. Now I can put my energy in helping to finish my wife’s film—which is going to be incredible,” he says.

Rachman got his start with filmmaking in the same scene that was documented in his 2006 film with **Steven Blush**, *American Hardcore*. Rachman purchased a Super 8 camera in the early ’80s as a way to document the birth of the Boston hardcore scene.

Eventually, the footage that he shot of bands like **Gang Green** and **Bad Brains** became videos that aired on *MTV*. The exposure of those music videos got him a contract with Propaganda Films in LA in 1988, where he began creating music videos for **Joan Jett**, **Pantera** and **Mighty Mighty Bosstones**. “I was the young director, doing all the alternative stuff. The experience of that environment was really powerful. Propaganda Films practically single handedly changed music video into another phase of the creative process,” he says.

Although, Rachman says that it’s difficult to pinpoint exactly how his ten years of music video making influenced his documentary films, the experience has given him an understanding of numerous music genres and confidence. “You learn so much technically, you’re sometimes shooting three videos in a week and you have four of them in post production. You’re just churning the stuff out and you are learning from mistakes, and you’re learning about new technology and you’re taking risks,” he says. If one thing has stayed constant, it’s that Rachman still juggles multiple projects at once.

Finishing up *Lost Rockers*, the current feature length documentary that he is working on with Steven Blush, will be next on his list. He says it needs another six-to-eight weeks of work before he will begin submitting to festivals like *SXSW* and *Tribeca*. “*Sundance* is the launch of everything, so you really try to be part of that,” Rachman says. “The last film got in, this one won’t, the next one might. It’s that kind of bumpy road in filmmaking. There are already distributors that want to see it. It will find its place.”

The film tells the story of eight musicians who Rachman says, “were on the cusp of super stardom and then fell through the cracks.” There is **Jake Holmes** who wrote the song “Dazed and Confused,” which was

made popular by **Led Zeppelin**, but he never saw a dime for it. There is **Gloria Jones**, the soul singer who recorded “Tainted Love,” who fell in love with **Marc Bolan** of **T. Rex** and moved to England to be with him. “She should have had **Tina Turner**’s career. She was way more talented—a producer, a writer, a performer. She happened to be driving the car the night of the accident that [Bolan] died in and her career never recovered,” says Rachman. It also features **Chris Robison**, who Rachman says wrote, recorded and released some of the first gay rock records, but major labels found the music too seedy and so the songs sunk into oblivion. **Bobby Jameson**, **David Peel**, **The Lightning Raiders** and **Cherry Vanilla** are also covered. “It’s a very different type of rock documentary. Music documentaries are usually about the stars, the big scenes, the big albums. This is about people who didn’t make it, but were awesome,” says Rachman.

The film covers a variety of genres and artists from many eras, but Rachman says they are tied together because they show the “human side” of being an artist. “I think these stories are so inspirational because they are much closer to what the average person [experiences,]” he says. “There are so many people who are always on the cusp of making it and these stories show people what it is like. And none of them ever gave up music. None of them took another job. None of them ever changed their careers.”

Although Rachman realizes that if he wanted to, he could likely play some of the film during *Slamdance*, but it isn’t something he is willing to do. “Being one of the people that helped start [*Slamdance*] I’ve never felt comfortable playing my own films at my own festival,” he says. “I’m not a first-time filmmaker—*Slamdance* is really a discovery festival and I’m not going to take the place of a filmmaker who [has] the dream to play at *Slamdance*.”

His decision is honorable, especially when you consider how many filmmakers and films get discovered because of *Slamdance*. **Oren Peli**’s *Paranormal Activity* premiered at *Slamdance* in 2008, *Napoleon Dynamite* director **Jared Hess** was discovered at *Slamdance* and Rachman’s wife got her start there, too. Rachman says that every year, there are somewhere between a dozen to 20 *Slamdance* alums with films premiering at the larger *Sundance Film Festival*. Although *Slamdance* was “born out of rejection” from *Sundance*, Rachman insists that the relationship isn’t a tumultuous one. “[*Slamdance*] exists out of love for *Sundance*, it’s not out of hate for *Sundance*. We wouldn’t have wanted to be [in Park City] so bad if we didn’t want to be part of [what] goes on there,” he says.

In addition to *Lost Rockers*, Rachman is working on an ongoing short series of films documenting the life of the deceased actress, writer, heroin addict and friend of Rachman, **Zoë Lund**. Rachman met Lund through her husband, **Robert Lund**, who was a video engineer. Although Rachman only knew Zoë for approximately three years, he says that she was fascinating. “[Zoë] was everything that 1980s NYC downtown was all about, a New York diva in a sense,” says Rachman.

Rachman discovered that Zoë had passed away when he moved back to New York City from LA and decided to make a short film of Robert talking about his short life with her. Rachman was impressed by how many things Robert revealed about her and decided that he wanted to talk to other people. “She had so many different relationships with people that I think it’s going to be a really interesting project to keep doing these five to ten minute short films with different people who were a part of her life,” says Rachman. “At the end of that, I think I’ll have this hour and half full story, but it’s through so many different prisms. It’s a bit of an experimental project, but as a filmmaker that’s such a great path to be on. Every year or so I’ll make one and I’ll find out something new. I’ll see how it pieces together.”

Rachman suspects that project will probably take six to seven years to complete, but sees it as something that

doesn’t need to be rushed. “If I was a painter, I would probably have 20 paintings in progress in my studio,” says Rachman. “That’s the beauty of it. Having the Zoë Lund project as a side project that is constantly evolving is my way of having that painting on the side that I can always go work on.” Rachman recently finished the second short film in the series, which features an interview with Lund’s mother. No promises were made, but Rachman did hint that he might be willing to showcase this shorter film during *Slamdance*. “I don’t want to overexpose them too much while I’m making them, but I do want people to be aware of them and follow the series,” Rachman stated.

To keep tabs on what Rachman has in store visit his website paulrachman.com and check out *Slamdance* film *Buffalo Girls* and his wife Karin Hayes’ film *We’re Not Broke* at *Sundance*.



Actress Zoë Lund is the subject of Rachman’s ongoing short film project: “Zoë was everything that 1980s NYC downtown was all about, a New York diva in a sense,” says Rachman.



Chris Robison (top left), Gloria Jones (top right) and David Peel (bottom, pictured with John Lennon and Yoko Ono) are all featured in Rachman’s documentary *Lost Rockers*.

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OUTLAW Filmmaking with Damon Russell

By Rio Connelly
globalricon@gmail.com

The line between reality and fiction can get blurry while making a documentary. Having produced and worked on reality-based television series like MTV's *Made* and A&E's *The First 48*, Damon Russell is no stranger to the drama that occurs when cameras capture real events. When robbery boy and crack dealer **Curtis Snow** approached Russell to make a movie about his life, he jumped at the chance and spent the next year and a half filming documentary-style footage around Atlanta's most dangerous neighborhood, The Bluff. The result, a film called *Snow On Tha Bluff*, premiered at the 2011 *Slamdance Film Festival* and immediately evoked questions about the truth of the events involved. While Hollywood gangsters are often cartoonish and lack dimension, Snow and Russell have created an authentic American story about struggle and survival.

SLUG: I was surprised by the amount of footage, it seemed like the camera was basically glued to your eye for the duration of filming. Is that true?

Russell: Yeah, and they did a good bit of filming when I wasn't around, which was cool, 'cause that's some of the best stuff really. Whenever I was with [Snow], I would have it on, but there were things that were missed. I would leave and someone would get shot down the street—something that could have been of interest to the story, but when you're shooting a movie like that you're bound to miss things. You have to be thankful when you do capture something that's never going to happen again.

SLUG: There are scenes of very graphic material in the film including violence and drug use. What was the hardest subject matter for you to shoot?

Russell: I'm pretty seasoned as far as having shot pretty extreme stuff. For me, it's generally not fun unless it's hard to shoot—if it's not emotionally draining, I feel like I'm not doing anything. It's exhilarating to be capturing something real. That supercedes whatever I'm feeling.

SLUG: Was there ever a question of, "by observing this, am I changing it?"

Russell: This is where I diverge from most documentary filmmakers. I use documentary techniques, but I'm definitely not a documentary filmmaker. As soon as you turn a camera on, you are changing the environment around you. Why not have fun with it and change it to something cool?



Photo: Diwang Valdez

SLUG: I understand that for legal reasons, the authenticity of the footage and the events that take place have to remain ambiguous and you even destroyed unused footage. Can you tell us about any scenes you would've liked to include that didn't make the cut?

Russell: There was a party scene that we did—I know where it would go in the movie, it would have been badass. But there were a bunch of people at this house and things started to get out of hand. We happened to be there with the camera, which was cool. But ultimately, I was worried someone would go to jail or all of us would go to jail and I would be guilty just by having been there. That tape—I watched it once and then I burned it. At some point people started getting so comfortable with me that they would start talking about stuff I didn't want to hear about. I don't want any knowledge of open crimes. Especially the younger kids—they didn't realize if you put certain things on camera it could hurt you, they're just wild. I had to censor that to look out for myself and others.

SLUG: Along a similar line, without revealing anything, were you or any part of the production in real danger during the filming process?

Russell: Absolutely. The scariest part for me was the police. [Snow] is well respected and feared in that

neighborhood and no one will really mess with him and so in turn no one would mess with me. But we were constantly on the run from the police. Curt and I got arrested together. I had pistols pulled on me and someone tried to run me over with a car and I jumped out of the way. Times when I did go down there and felt, "someone's going to jail tonight," I would leave. The Atlanta police in that neighborhood don't really ask questions, they don't really care. They'll just arrest your ass. That's scary 'cause if you're in the wrong place at the wrong time, you're going down. We had to constantly move, we didn't do multiple takes, we'd just do it and move the hell on. Ultimately, that's how those guys live. They're constantly on the run, they always have warrants out for their arrest, they're always violating their probation, and it's just always that lion-antelope analogy. I didn't really understand it at first. Like, "why don't you just stop breaking the law, then you won't get in trouble." I started to see that if you're poor and in the hood, there's a separate set of rules that apply to you, and if the cops feel like arresting you, they pretty much can. Trouble will find you, which was scary, but it did add to the authenticity of the film, because that's how they really live.

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Curtis Snow is the main character of Damon Russell's 2011 film *Snow on tha Bluff*. For a year and a half, Russell followed Snow to create an authentic story about struggle and survival.



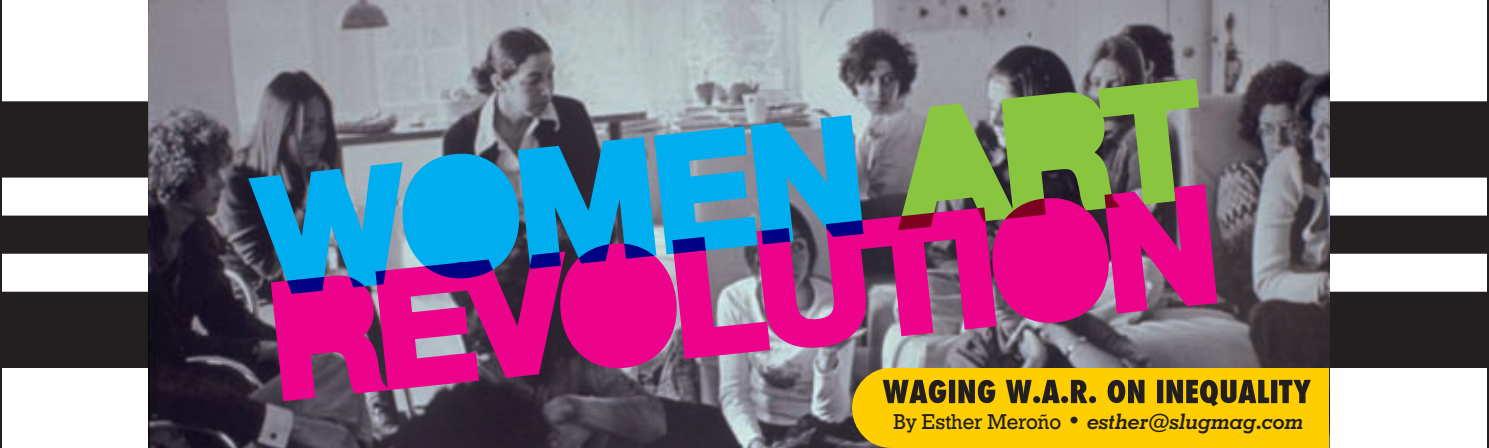
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Feminist Studio Workshop at Sheila Levrant de Bretteville's house, September, 1973. Courtesy of Sheila Levrant de Bretteville Archives

Over 40 years ago, in the mid-'60s, a young artist named **Lynn Hershman Leeson** borrowed a camera to document the Feminist Art Movement, now dubbed by historians as one of the most significant art movements of the 20th century. Though that time period is often described as the era of free love and liberation, women were given the right to vote only 40 years prior, and were still fighting for equality, even in the so-called liberal arts community. As second-wave feminism began to pick up speed alongside the Civil Rights Movement, groups of women artists began to speak up against discrimination in the art community and beyond, through various creative mediums.

Hershman Leeson captured their voices and took their stories straight to the silver screen with her documentary film, *!Women Art Revolution*, which made its debut at the 2011 *Sundance Film Festival*. Narrated by Hershman Leeson (who is also the writer, director, editor and producer), the film features interviews with over 40 female artists, video clips and photographs accumulated over the past 40 years of the brave women who refused to accept the omission of their work based on sexist standards. As a performance artist specializing in media and based out of Berkeley, Calif., Hershman Leeson began to record her colleagues and friends, realizing that the work they were doing was significant. "It was a remarkable time, and I did not want to forget what people were thinking and what was going on," she says.

Hershman Leeson recorded throughout the years, capturing footage of some of the pioneering moments of the Feminist Art Movement, which included protests against the many male artist dominated exhibits, the first feminist art education programs and a variety of breakthrough performances and installations. From the controversial *Dinner Party* exhibition created by feminist artist **Judy Chicago** in 1979, a room-sized piece with 39 place settings each depicting the vaginas of mythical and historical women, to the tragic death of "earth-body" performance

artist **Ana Mendieta**, whose murder sparked a passionate protest in front of the *Guggenheim Museum* in 1988, Hershman Leeson successfully presents the previously untold history of the world-changing movement.

Storing the film in boxes under her bed and in the closet, it wasn't until 2004 that she looked through the footage and realized it was the only documentation that existed of the movement. "I felt responsible because I was the only one with the footage. No one else could have done this," she says. Going through hundreds of hours worth of film, Hershman Leeson had a difficult time choosing what to include in the final product, as it all seemed important to the history. Fortunately for the world, she decided to make all of her recordings (over 12,000 minutes worth) available online at rawwar.org.

The interviews presented in *!W.A.R.* are undoubtedly the foundation of the film. Women such as performance artists **Rachel Rosenthal** and **Miranda July**, activist **Nancy Spero** and the infamous **Guerrilla Girls** make appearances, some as young artists speaking in the moment and others as matured women looking back, or both. "It was like an underground railroad. The women in America were just waiting to be released," says artist and educator **Miriam Schapiro** in the film. Of course, not that most of you have ever heard of them. In fact, the film begins with a woman questioning passersby outside the *San Francisco Museum of Modern Art*, asking if they can name three female artists. "Frida..." is about as far as anyone gets. By telling their side of history through this film, Hershman Leeson has begun our re-education.



Unlike the leaders of the feminist movements before her, suffrage leader **Susan B. Anthony** and Equal Rights Amendment writer **Alice Paul** among them, Hershman Leeson has seen the fruits of her labor bloom in her lifetime. *!W.A.R.* concludes with the 2007 *WACK! Art and the Feminist Revolution* opening in LA, the first exhibition of its kind. "Just look at the number of women in galleries and museums today," says Hershman Leeson. "It is still a fraction of what it should be, but there are much more possibilities and options than there were then." Although the credits are rolling, it's not yet over. "Women achieving equality would have been a perfect ending," she says. So now it's our turn, sister.

Though we're nearly 50 years removed from that era, it's difficult to ignore the parallels between our generation and Hershman Leeson's. Their Vietnam is our Iraq, their Kent State is our Occupy, their civil rights movement is our fight for gay rights. How did history repeat itself? Perhaps it's because we were only told one side of the story, and the rest was kept in boxes under a bed—until now.

For more information on the film, visit womenartrevolution.com. To check out the extra footage along with more submissions from feminists around the world and even submit your own art(!), go to rawwar.org. Watch for DVD copies to be released through Zeitgeist Films in March 2012.



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BRIDGES, BONES AND BRIGADES

THE HISTORY OF SKATEBOARDING.

By Shawn Mayer
Shawn.m.mayer@gmail.com

This January, **Stacy Peralta** returns to Park City to premiere his fourth *Sundance* documentary, *Bones Brigade: An Autobiography*. Peralta made his *Sundance* debut back in 2001 when he premiered *Dogtown and Z-Boys*, a documentary comprised of '70s skate footage that covered the rise and fall of the **Zephyr** team (of which he was a member) and was eventually adapted into the Hollywood film *Lords of Dogtown*. The Zephyr team put skating back on the map in the mid '70s and became the roots of today's skateboarding industry. Peralta returned to *Sundance* two more times after that with documentaries outside the world of skateboarding—in 2004 with *Riding Gi-*

***Bones Brigade: An Autobiography* is Peralta's fourth documentary to play at Sundance Film Festival.**

ants, a film about big wave surfing, and then in 2008 with *Crips & Bloods: Made in America*. This year, Peralta brings another skate documentary to the festival with some friendly faces in tow.

Bones Brigade: An Autobiography documents the lives of the original **Bones Brigade** crew that included **Tommy Guerrero, Tony Hawk, Lance Mountain, Mike McGill, Steve Caballero** and **Rodney Mullen**. The film tracks how the Bones Brigade influenced the most pivotal mo-

as an early pioneer of the sport.

A child of the '60s, Stacy Peralta began skating when such things didn't even exist. "There were no shops, there were no contests, there were no magazines, there were no places where you could buy boards," he says. Skateboarding was a pastime, something developed by California surfers when the seas turned flat. Basically, if you wanted one you had to build it yourself. These homemade rolling planks were developed to cruise the streets, to resemble the feeling of making turns on God's great ocean. But in the early '70s, as more and more kids began to participate, and with the introduction of the urethane wheel, the skateboarding industry began to boom. Magazines, skateparks and shops began to pop up in increasing numbers. "When it became popular I had been doing it for so long that I was, in a sense, in the front of the line," says Peralta. Soon after, as a part of the Zephyr Team, Peralta began to compete as an amateur before turning pro in 1976. Boasting the highest influential team on the competitive circuit, Peralta recalls these days as "one of the richest experiences of my life." However, the team was only together for about a year and a half before disbanding.

In order to sustain his occupation in skateboarding, Peralta went into business with engineer **George Powell**. Powell became interested in skateboards through his son and began tinkering with homemade designs. With Powell's knowledge and backing, Powell-Peralta came to life in 1978. "I was coming to the end of my professional career and I didn't want to leave skateboarding. The only way I could think to do that was to start my own company," says Peralta. After juggling both a professional career and the upstart company, time proved too constrained and he decided to focus his energy solely on his business. With the Zephyr days fresh in mind, however, Peralta yearned to once again be part of a team. "If I couldn't be on the world's best team, then I wanted to create it," he says. This was the idea



Photo: Tony Friedkin



Photo: Grant Britain

Tony Hawk big frontside air at Del Mar skate park in the mid '80s.

behind the Bones Brigade.

In 1984, the *Bones Brigade Video Show* was released. Shot on 3/4 inch video, the idea was to reach the consumer in a way that a one-page magazine ad had limited. The footage consisted of contests, backyard ramps and street shots filmed over the previous year. "It premiered in Tony Hawk's parent's living room. Somebody cracked open a bottle of wine or a six pack of beer and we said, 'ok, what's next,'" says Peralta. What was next was a revolution in skateboard marketing. Videos became a must for any company trying to make a name in an expanding industry, and the Bones Brigade were the pioneers. Over the next nine years, Bones released eight more groundbreaking videos, including *Future Primitive*, *The Search for Animal Chin* and

The Bones Brigade reunited in 2011 (L-R): Stacy Peralta, Rodney Mullen, Steve Caballero, Tony Hawk, Mike McGill, Lance Mountain and Tommy Guerrero.

Photo courtesy Stacy Peralta

The Bones Brigade crew in the '80s (L-R): Rodney Mullen, Mike McGill, Tommy Guerrero, Tony Hawk, Steve Caballero and Lance Mountain.



Photo: Atiba

Ban This—all of which are must-have titles in every skateboarder's visual canon. What began as a tight-knit group of amateur teens had grown into a gang of world class athletes with the world at their fingertips. It was during this transition that we lost the Bones Brigade. "In a sense, it was time for us all to move on. The team as we know it came to an end in 1990," says Peralta. He stepped down from Powell-Peralta to pursue other ventures, and the team's riders branched off. Hawk started his own board company, Birdhouse, as did Guerrero with Real, McGill with Chapter 7 and Mountain with The Firm. Caballero and Mullen continued their respective careers through new sponsors.

Flash forward to the year 2004 when Peralta was invited to dine with some of the original crew members, including Hawk, McGill, Mullen and Guerrero. After seeing the recognition that *Z-Boys* had received, the brigade tried to convince Peralta that they had an equally important story to tell and that he was the man to tell it. Due to his ventures at the time, including the Hollywood adaptation of the Zephyr Team (*Lords of Dogtown*) and his reluctance to portray himself, Peralta believed that the time wasn't right and respectfully declined. But the idea was never forgotten and the team continued to insist that Peralta take the helm. Finally, it was Mountain who put things into perspective a year ago when he said, "We're all now older than you and [Tony] Alva when you made *Dogtown*. We really need to do this!"

This would mark the first time that Peralta would not be commander-in-chief, so to speak. He was no longer the chaperone taking the kids on skateboarding field trips. The boys that had made up his Bones Brigade are now men with careers and benchmarks of their own. They have wives, families and even kids that are getting involved in professional skateboarding. The timing was finally right and the project was a go.

Peralta says that working with the members of the Brigade as adults has been different, but ultimately more rewarding. "We're now just friends and there is a tremendous amount of respect and love between all of us," he says.

Check out *Bones Brigade: An Autobiography* when it premieres on January 21 at the *The MARC* in Park City at 8:30 p.m. to see archival footage and first-person accounts from the athletes that changed skateboarding into the omnipresent sport that it is today.

Additional screening times for *Bones Brigade: An Autobiography*:

Jan. 22, 12:00 p.m., *Temple Theatre*, Park City
Jan. 24, 9:30 p.m., *Rose Wagner*, Salt Lake City
Jan. 26, 9:00 p.m., *Screening Room*, Sundance Resort
Jan. 27, 11:30 a.m., *MARC*, Park City
Jan. 28, 3:30 p.m., *Peery's Egyptian Theater*, Ogden



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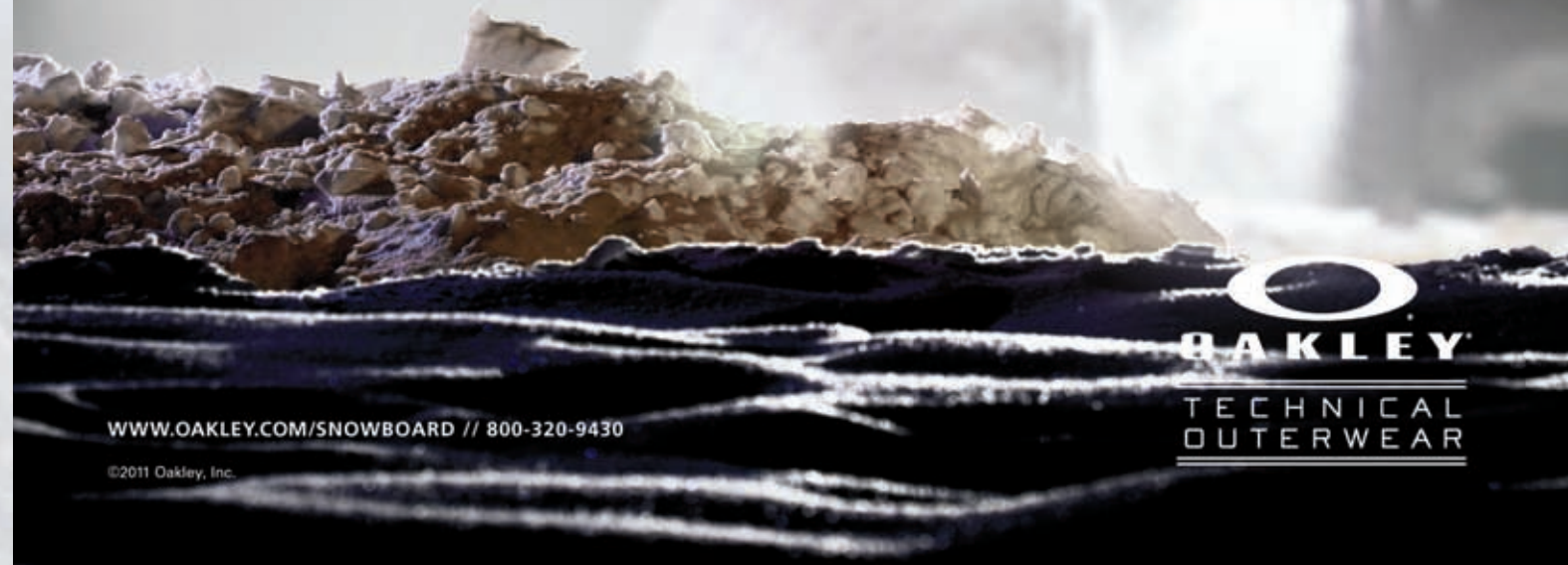


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GETTING BACK UP:

TEMPT ONE WRITES AGAIN

By Cody Kirkland • kirkland.cody@gmail.com

of the GRL, Mick was able to figure out a way to help Tempt write again. The Ebelings brought members of this underground brain trust into their Southern California home, giving them a headquarters to begin developing a device that would allow Tempt to draw with his eyes from his hospital bed. The GRL guys were committed to building a device out of parts that anyone could obtain, run with software that anyone could access and be made as inexpensively as possible. Working with Mick, they ended up connecting a Playstation 3 webcam to DIY hardware from Home Depot, mounting

the device on a pair of cheap sunglasses purchased on the Venice Boardwalk and running it all through eye movement-tracking software they created themselves. They dubbed the device the EyeWriter, and it was the first piece of equipment of its kind.

The DIY attitude of the GRL and The Ebeling Group is shared with *Slamdance*'s president and co-founder **Peter Baxter**. Started in 1995, *Slamdance* began as a showcase for films that were rejected from *Sundance*. Left unsatisfied by the mainstream, Baxter and fellow independent filmmakers started their own festival. "A lot of the films that were beginning to play at *Sundance* at that time had already got distribution, were already tied with studio deals, had already got a lot going for them coming into the festival ... We had nothing going for ourselves coming into *Slamdance*. We didn't really know anyone. All of these films were really coming from the underground," says Baxter. *Slamdance* is still run, as Baxter says, "by filmmakers, for filmmakers," providing the perfect venue for *Getting Up*.

Although a seasoned director of avant-garde commercial work and acclaimed narrative short films including *Monster Slayer* and the *Slamdance*-premiered *The Package*, the ongoing archiving of Quan's story was Caskey's first venture into the documentary genre. Referring to her typical film style, she says, "I normally do very strange, weird stuff. This film just sort of fell into my home ... We started filming when Mick and I started helping create the EyeWriter." Creating a documentary required a shift in her artistic approach: "With the documentary, it's not about my voice—it's about the story's voice," says Caskey. As one who grew up immersed in



Photo courtesy @Caskey Ebeling

Tempt One wearing the EyeWriter.



Back in the adolescent days of hip hop, **Tony Quan**, aka **Tempt One**, was getting up like nobody's business. In 1980s Los Angeles, Tempt was one of the pioneers of a distinct LA graffiti style and has since become a street art luminary, fostering California's underground art community. According to the Not Impossible Foundation, "In his 25-year career, he has curated art shows, spoken at the United Nations and created an international publication on street and urban art." But in 2003, Tempt was diagnosed with ALS, aka Lou Gehrig's Disease, which left him almost completely paralyzed, unable to eat, breathe or even speak on his own—writing graffiti was obviously out of the question.

Fast forward to 2007: **Caskey Ebeling**, filmmaker and partner at The Ebeling Group (a production company run with her husband **Mick Ebeling**), found herself at *Represent, Represent!*, a benefit art show for Tempt One with a hundred graffiti artists. An artist herself, Caskey was struck by Tempt's situation: "What would it feel like to be an artist ... and you can't do what you love?" she asked. The Ebelings were determined to help Tempt in any way they could. Their involvement with Tempt would eventually be made into Caskey's newest film project, *Getting Up*, which is set to premiere in the documentary feature category of 2012's *Slamdance Film Festival*.

After donating to the Quan family and tirelessly working the system trying to get the medical equipment needed for Quan to be able to communicate with his family, Mick Ebeling secured a MyTobii for Tempt. The MyTobii is a gaze-controlled communication device, which allows people with little to no mobility to type and navigate the Internet, using only their eye movements. Up until then, Quan was unable to communicate much at all, having spent the last four years using his eyes or jaw to answer "yes" or "no." But even after this huge breakthrough for Tempt, Mick Ebeling still didn't think it was enough for the street art legend. "For Mick to step in as an outsider ... his natural instinct was to go outside of

the medical community because he doesn't know the medical community at all. He went through the system to get the MyTobii, but when he realized that the medical community and the MyTobii weren't really focused on art, he knew he needed to think outside of the box," says Caskey.

The Ebelings found their out-of-the-box solution from none other than a bunch of graffiti writers and underground software developers. While giving a talk on green film production, Mick met a member of the **Graffiti Research Lab**, a collective of artists and hackers from around the world who are committed to the progression of street art through technological innovation. The GRL is dedicated to outfitting graffiti artists and activists with open source tools for urban communication and boasts projects such as laser-guided skyscraper-sized graffiti projections they call Laser Tag. With the help

the artistic community and familiar with graffiti culture, Caskey understood the motives behind the GRL and their quest to let Tempt write graffiti again. She had to tell the story in a way that outsiders could relate to. "How can I be respectful and show the rest of the world about the community and the humanity of the art and the culture?" Caskey asked herself when she began production of the footage that would evolve into the film *Getting Up*.

In 2010, after being unable to draw since he was diagnosed with ALS, Tempt One wrote graffiti for the first time in seven years. Wearing the EyeWriter, Quan was able to write the word "Tempt" on a computer screen, line by line, by simply moving his eyes. "That was the first time I've drawn anything in seven years. I feel like I had been held under water, and someone finally reached down, and pulled my head up so I could take a breath," says Quan, as quoted in Mick Ebeling's TED Talk about the EyeWriter project. Although rudimentary compared to the intricate pieces that made him a graffiti legend, these first scrawls after seven years of artistic silence were monumental. "In the film, that's sort of the highlight. When he gets back up," says Caskey. Soon, GRL was able to link Tempt's EyeWriter with their Laser Tag setup, which projects gigantic virtual tags onto whatever surface they choose to point it at. Although still confined to a hospital bed, Tempt is able to make his art anywhere in the world in real time. "So Tempt gets up using Laser Tag ... If a GRL volunteer contacts him and says, 'At this date and time I'm gonna put you on the Taj Mahal, or on a pyramid, or ... on the leaning tower of Pisa,' anyone who decides they want to help him, he can draw from his hospital bed, anywhere," says Caskey. Even though the EyeWriter is strictly a drawing device and can't do what the MyTobii can do,

Caskey says their DIY efforts will definitely promote evolution in medical technology: "These two worlds [the establishment and DIY], as always, work hand in hand. I don't doubt that because of what the GRL and the Not Impossible Foundation has been able to do and what we've started together ... that the medical industry has been influenced. I don't doubt it at all."

Although the subject of *Getting Up* focuses on an underground art form and artistic liberation, the story has a definite message: Anything is possible. In the words of Tempt himself from eyewriter.org, "Art is a tool of empowerment and social change, and I consider myself blessed to be able to create and use my work to promote health reform, bring awareness about ALS and help others." This attitude manifested itself during the making of *Getting Up* when Caskey and Mick Ebeling started the Not Impossible Foundation, in order to help tackle future projects like the EyeWriter. Caskey says, "We thought 'Ok, we need an overarching thing that explains what kind of projects we want to work with ... We just decided we would create the Not Impossible Foundation, which is about taking ordinary problems, matching them with extraordinary people, and sharing it with everybody. Everyone can contribute." Caskey says she plans to document future projects that the Not Impossible Project takes on and shares some insight she gained after seeing Quan get back up: "My kids now know, for real, that you can make change in the world. It's not a concept, it's a reality."

You can peep *Getting Up* at this year's *Slamdance Film Festival*, running from Jan. 20 to 26. To learn more about Tempt One's story, see the EyeWriter videos for yourself and find out how to build your own, visit notimpossiblefoundation.org and eyewriter.org.



Photo courtesy Caskey Ebeling

Tempt tribute wall.

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By Ricky Vigil • ricky@slugmag.com

The San Francisco-based Zerofriends creative collective has become known for their creepy art, largely inspired by classic horror movies. **Alex Pardee's** signature style incorporates unsettlingly elongated and contorted figures, often contrasted by splashes of bright colors. **Dave Correia's** ink work is stark and highly detailed, while his paintings present a horror aesthetic, sometimes with a disarming absurdity. A friend recently asked Pardee where the darkness of his art comes from. "I honestly don't know—I never know how to answer that question. This is just something that has always been in me," Pardee says. It turns out that Pardee and Correia just like scary shit.

Pardee and Correia have similarly humble beginnings as artists: influenced by the media they were consuming, and interpreting it in their own way. "I've been doing art as long as I can remember. I was just always drawing. I spent all of my free time reading comics, playing video games and drawing whenever I could," says Correia. "I've always been into scary movies and horror films, and that's where most of my inspiration comes from, the darker, creepier stuff." Pardee grew up wanting to be a comic book artist or an animator for Warner Bros., but he started taking his art more seriously out of necessity. "When I was 14, I got diagnosed with anxiety disorder and panic disorder and depression, so I actually went into a mental hospital for a while. I hated it, but during that time I was encouraged to do different activities to take my mind off of things," he says. "The one thing that worked for me was sitting down and drawing. The act of doing it made me feel better ... So I've just kept doing it."

Around this same time, Pardee was becoming bored of the superhero comics that had

initially inspired him. When he discovered **Image Comics** series *The Maxx* ("It was disguised as a superhero comic, but it wasn't a superhero comic at all," he says), it changed his outlook and set the trajectory for his artistic career. Pardee began submitting his art to various comic companies, but it was always rejected. At this point, Pardee was a headstrong teenager, and rather than accepting the rejection, he adopted a "fuck everybody" viewpoint and started self-publishing his own comics. "I started this company just to print my books, and from there I thought that I needed to create some T-shirts to promote the comics. In order to promote the T-shirts, I had to learn to make a website, so it all snowballed into this self-business that I wasn't aware that I had started when I did," he says.

When Pardee became the art director for **The Used** in the mid-2000s, he found himself spending much more time in Utah, where the Zerofriends collective already existed. **CW Muhlberger, Caleb Barney, Darren Scott** and **Quinn Allman** brought different things to the collective table, but it wasn't until they began using the infrastructure that Pardee had created to promote his own artwork that Zerofriends became a brand. The group has changed throughout the years and now consists of artists Pardee and Correia, **Rob Neuman**, who handles the group's warehouse management, and Scott, who handles the business end of things. "People come and go, but they never really go. We just

expand parallel to each other," Pardee says.

Zerofriends have always been about making their art accessible, producing an unlimited amount of prints after the limited initial run of a larger-size print has sold out. "I've gotten some flack for it, but I came from a place where I didn't have a lot of alternate art available to me for cheap, so once you start limiting stuff, it ups the cost and it ups the retail price of it. All of a sudden, less people can afford it and there's less of it out there," Pardee says. This same notion of accessibility led Pardee and Correia to embark on a cross-country trip in 2009 for a project called *Sketch 4 Sketch*, where they would set up shop at comic stores, toy stores and art galleries, and trade sketches with whomever showed up and was willing to draw with them. "We thought we'd spend an hour and a half at each location, tops, and maybe 10 people would come by, but at the very first stop in Sacramento, we were there for six-and-a-half hours just drawing for people," Correia says. "It was a really cool thing. We made about 15 stops to and from New York." One of these stops was at *Blonde Grizzly*, owned by their friend, Barney, then located in a kiosk at the Layton Hills Mall. It was the first time that Pardee and Correia had been in Utah together, and both of them are excited to come back to share their work—and possibly catch some *Sundance* movies while they're in town.


Pardee plans on creating a few new pieces for the show in Salt Lake, while Correia will be displaying the originals of the pieces collected in his series of art books (he'll be displaying all new art in a show at *Upper Playground* in Portland next August). *Blonde Grizzly* will be hosting a reception for Pardee and Correia on Jan. 20 at 6 p.m.

"Digested Head" by Alex Pardee.


"Skeletoddler" by Dave Correia.




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Things That Make You Go "Hmm."
By Mariah Mann-Mellus
mariah@slugmag.com

My reaction toward art trends in three responses:

The Aha!: Immediate approval, an emotional response stemming from pure delight in the aesthetics, color, composition and subject. The Huh: Used for very cerebral or symbolic work. I'm intrigued, and in most cases the work is still very pleasing to the eye, but has a deeper meaning—this artist wants to direct the dialogue. The Hmm: A beautiful image left completely unguided. In this case, I become the storyteller to the illustration, designing the characters, motives and conclusion.

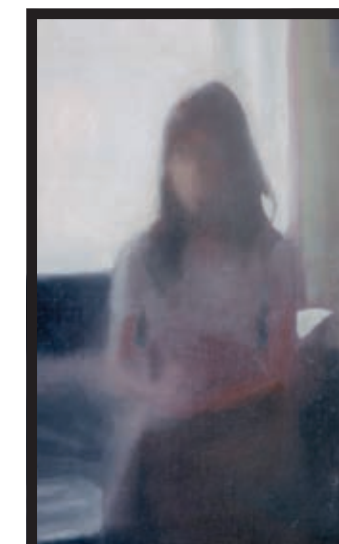
No one response is better than the other, I have plenty of "hmm" art-work in my house, and one person's "aha" could be another's "huh," which is why I love the monthly gallery stroll: plenty of art in every medium for every critic.

A recent "hmm" moment came when I viewed **Justin Nelson-Carruth's** latest paintings, which will be on display beginning Jan. 23 through March 3 at the *Sweet Branch Library* at 455 F Street in the Salt Lake Avenues neighborhood. Nelson-Carruth's story is one of a self-taught artist, navigating his way through processes and subjects to find his artistic expression. His early video art is a surreal "trip"—it's very ambiguous, dreamlike and avant-garde. While I enjoyed viewing them, we'll call those his youthful efforts. Nelson-Carruth then moved to photography, but he found the nature of photography very mechanical and he wanted to leave a human mark and insert himself into the process by leaving marks, cuts or smudges on the negatives. Nelson-Carruth's current medium and show is a very mature effort. With evolution comes wisdom. A wise man knows that even though you know the story's ending, you want a person to discover their own path to that end. The *Sweet Branch Library* is a perfect place for Nelson-Carruth's work. A place that houses great stories will house art that lets you create your own story. My sneak peak of the show included a beautiful painting of

a female figure sitting by a window, bathed in a soft light, her expression out of focus, giving the viewer the opportunity to create the back story. In my story, she's a young woman enjoying the afternoon sunshine, sipping coffee and absorbing the latest *New York Times* best seller. She doesn't need a boyfriend, but she has many suitors, and later she will go get ready for a date with one of them. Usually the title of a piece gives you some inclination of the artist's intent, but Nelson-Carruth wants you to truly draw your own conclusion, so everything is left untitled, making you go "hmm."

When artists present their work to the public, whether to their closest friends or art professionals, they wait with bated breath to see the reception—an approving smile or nod, the studious hand-to-the-face or arms crossed. The real death-blow to an artist is no response at all. Art is meant to be viewed, which is why attending the monthly Gallery Stroll and artist reception is not only a treat for you, but vital to the survival of our vibrant art community. So go out and be your own critic, "hmm," "huh" and "aha," but mostly just enjoy the art!

For more from information on Justin Nelson-Carruth, check out Mariah's Gallery Stroll segment on *SLUG Magazine's* podcast **Soundwaves From The Underground.**



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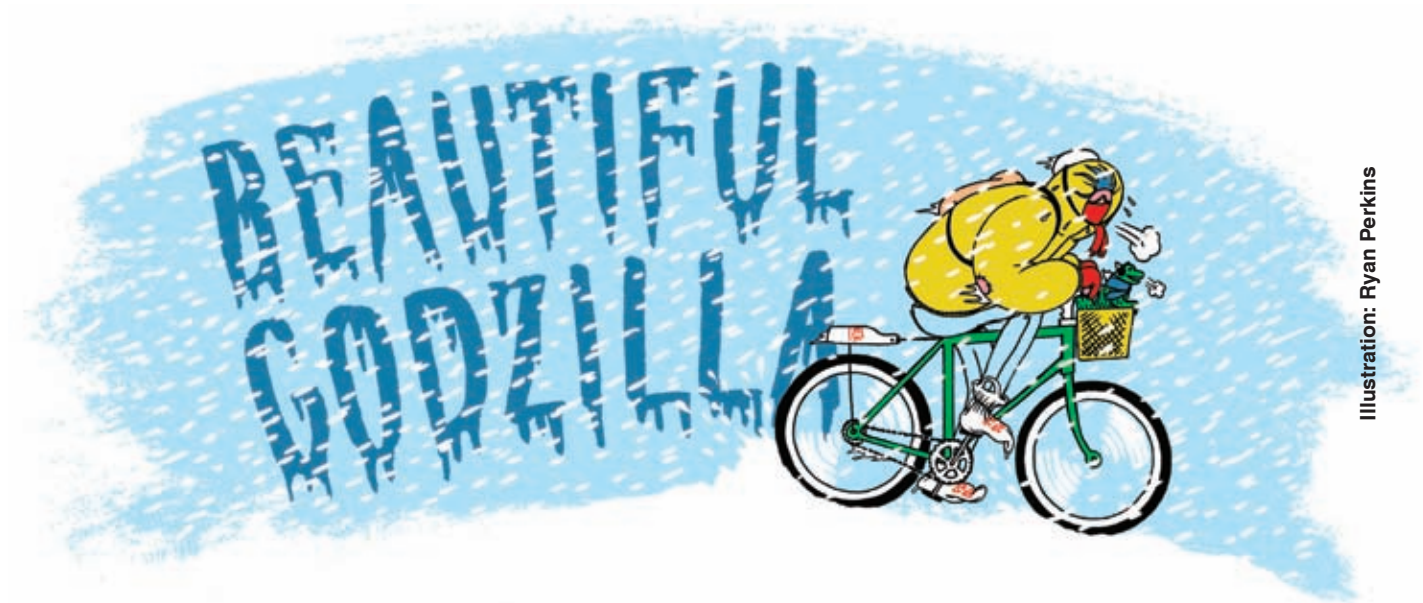


Illustration: Ryan Perkins

Ice Ice Baby
By Esther Meroño
esther@slugmag.com

Riding a bicycle from October through March doesn't even cross most of your minds. I know this because your bikes look shiny and new, and you look fat and slow come springtime. I'm just messing with you ... I'm not one of those holier-than-thou yuppies pretending to save the world. In fact, after three years of riding miserably through snow and ice, I raised enough funds to buy a four-wheel drive vehicle last winter to keep me warm and dry on my outings—until it broke down. I know there are a handful of you like me whose parents don't inject your measly minimum-wage income with extra padding, and can't afford a car or the ridiculous UTA fare, so this month I'm giving you some tips on how to make it through the "Greatest Snow on Earth" via bicycle—hobo style.

Keeping your hands and feet warm and dry is what's going to keep you out of frozen depression through the wind, rain, ice, snow and their many combinations you'll face. To do this effectively, your core has to be warmed up. Pedaling your heart out is going to do this naturally, but it helps to have a warm, water-resistant coat. A new coat is pricey, but you have other options. I'd been using my snowboarding coat from middle school until recently (I was a big seventh grader, OK?), and have lots of friends who go to the D.I. or Thrift Town and find something for \$10 or less. You may end up with a technicolored dream coat from the '80s, but with all the other stuff I'm going to suggest you put on, you're going to look ridiculous anyway.

"Cyclists" are going to tell you just any old coat won't work—you need one that breathes or you're going to get sweaty. Here's what I think: It's better to end up at work dripping with sweat than frozen, 'cause your coworkers aren't going to mind the smell as much as your screams and moans as you painfully thaw out.

Once you've got the coat, here are a few more things you can try, depending on the weather:

Rain: Install front and back fenders on your bicycle once the weather goes to shit. The water on the road gets you more wet than the rain itself and you WILL show up to work with an embarrassing wet butt without at least a back fender. Google how to make your own out of milk cartons and aluminum cans. Your footwear is also a concern,

because unless you're wearing rubber shoes that magically seal to your skin, your feet are going to get wet. This is when you break out the plastic bags. You're going to look ... trashy, but tying those things around your ankles is your only option if you don't want to spend the rest of your day in misery.

Also, carry an extra pair of pants and socks. If you can't buy an awesome waterproof Velo City Bag, steal your little brother's backpack and wrap up your clothes and anything else you want to keep dry in a hobo purse.

Snow—blizzard-style: Have you ever been whitewashed? That's exactly what biking in a blizzard feels like. If you can get your hands on one of those face beanies, do it. Who cares if you show up to the bar looking like a mugger? Better than having the inside of your nose melt into your beer as it thaws ... A knitted scarf also works well, and keeps snow from falling down your shirt—I realize your breasts may feel like popsicles at times, but they don't actually have to freeze for people to lick them. When the wind starts up, your hands are another extremity you'll want to keep warm. Good gloves are expensive, but a bunch of shitty gloves are not! Both Smith's and the dollar store have cotton gloves for a dollar that you can layer over each other. I suggest you buy \$5 worth and keep extras in your bag, because they'll get wet and you'll want a dry pair for your ride home.

Another factor during a blizzard: visibility, or lack thereof. I have a shitty pair of ski goggles that help on my end of things, but remember that you just look like a big snowflake to drivers.

Ice: This is the worst element because it can cause the most damage. It's the reason I splurged on a dorky helmet with earmuffs. No matter how careful I am, how slow I ride, how hard I squint at the ground, my bicycle slides out from under me at least once every winter. There isn't much you can do to avoid it other than watch for ice and try to circumvent any patches. My suggestion is to increase your awareness and decrease your speed on icy days. Main roads are usually better about plowing and salting the asphalt, but also contain more shitty drivers. Falling on the ice isn't that bad anyway when you've got so many layers on.

Cycling through the winter is not impossible! You may look like a sweaty, Saran-wrapped bum when you get to the party, but once you take off all those layers, you'll be glowing from the exercise and transformed into the belle of the ball, just like Cinderella!

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PHOTO FEATURE

Words and Photo: Andy Wright
Rider: Jon Kooley

People must often wonder why so many urban snowboarding photos are taken at night. I mean, for the most part snowboarding is something you do in the daytime and when it gets dark you go home and get drunk. Why in the hell would you want to waste precious drinking hours sliding around on a piece of plastic? Well, for obvious reasons, schools and businesses aren't too down for a bunch of hoodie-wearing kids to show up while they are open and start launching themselves down the handrails and ledges that surround their buildings. I mean, what if someone got hurt? I say this jokingly because 99% of the time this—and the possibility of getting sued as a result of it—are

the reason they tell us to beat it. So we come back in the middle of the night and have our way with their precious establishments. Many of the buildings are equipped with security cameras, like the one in the upper right of this photo. Most of this stuff is just recording and never reviewed unless there is an incident at the building like a break-in. I can only imagine how insane it might look if someone in the building were to randomly stumble upon footage of us showing up to snowboard. I know it's had to have happened at some point. I'm just hoping someone in charge is savvy enough to put it on YouTube for the world to view.

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Rocky Mountain High: Crossroads Skate Shop & Park

By Westin Porter westinjay@gmail.com

Sam Dahlin, co-founder of Crossroads academy with his nephew, Jeff Dahlin, who co-manages Crossroads skate shop and park.

Photo: Gage Thompson

Crossroads Skate Shop & Park opened its doors in Ogden in 2008, providing a new indoor public space for skaters to keep skating during the winter months. Over the past three years, the shop has become a staple of the Ogden skate scene with its quality brands and what co-founder **Dr. Sam Dahlin** refers to as “cheap baby-sitting” for young skate rats. What many don’t know about the shop is that it is an extension of *Crossroads Academy* and serves to provide work experience for boys enrolled in the therapeutic boarding school that hosts out-of-state youth for rehabilitation.

When Dahlin opened *Crossroads Academy* with **Derek Bowles** and **Eric Dahlin**, his goal was to create a program that implemented the things that had given meaning to his life and had helped him through his time of drugs and alcohol. “I definitely have that thrill-seeking gene and that was a big part of why I was into drugs and alcohol, but I think that’s also why I was more prone to board sports,” says Sam. His moment of clarity came to him in what he describes as his “rock-bottom experience,” over 20 years ago when he was attending a community college in San Jose. Sam passed out at the wheel after a night of partying and hit some parked cars, totaling his and two others. Miraculously, he walked away unscathed, and decided to make something meaningful of the experience.

Since then, Dahlin has developed a philosophy that *Crossroads Academy* employs with all of its students. “A big part of overcoming addiction is figuring out what your values are, and then living those values, as well as

having some goals to work towards. That’s what board sports are all about: finding those passions, finding some meaning to your life,” he says. The academy uses recreation such as skateboarding, snowboarding and wakeboarding as the centerpiece of their program. “At most schools, kids have to earn activities like this, but we believe that recreation is therapeutic. Any kind of physical activity is really good, it gets the neuro-transmitters in your brain firing the way they’re supposed to without any medication,” says Dahlin. There are currently 28 students enrolled in the academy, which provides a nine-to-12 month program for boys ages 13-17 who come from all over the nation to experience the many “natural highs” Utah has to offer.

Students at *Crossroads* spend a portion of every day either at the gym, riding at *Powder Mountain* in the winter, wakeboarding at *Pineview Reservoir* in the summer or skating at the indoor park anytime of the year. The school also takes every student on a two-week annual service trip out of the country. Following their week of service, students spend a week at a surf camp learning how to surf: an illustration of the “work hard, play hard” culture at *Crossroads*.

The skate shop/park, which was founded a year and a half after the school, was originally opened solely to serve as a place of employment for students. “We wanted all of our boys to go out and find jobs as soon as they hit the four-month mark,” says Sam. Unfortunately, with the economy struggling,

students were having trouble finding jobs. “We decided to open up our own shop where kids can come and work. Then we thought, okay, most shops don’t make it, so let’s build one with a skate park in it, that way our boys can skate year round and the community can have a drug-free place to come skate as well,” says Dahlin.

The shop/park, which launched their grand re-opening last September after completely revamping the layout, has picked up steam over the last year. “We’re trying to set [*Crossroads*] as the local hub for skating in Ogden. People can come stop by before they hit a spot and get their bearings or wheels or just come hit the park if it’s raining or snowing,” says Sam’s nephew **Jeff Dahlin**, who co-manages and supervises the shop.

Jeff notes that the indoor park has also been great for the younger kids that come to skate. “The kids here progress so fast so young because they’re able to be here all day, and skate these big obstacles, as opposed to skating in front of their house on a little rail their dad built,” says Jeff.

The academy hopes to one day open an outpatient program for kids in Ogden and the surrounding areas to participate in, but until then, come shred their park and see for yourself what all the buzz is about. *Crossroads* is located at 95 N. Harrisville Road in Ogden. You can also check them out on Facebook and at crossroadsskatepark.com.

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product reviews

4FRNT

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The latest release from local ski company 4FRNT is the YLE. It is the signature model for local athlete and breakout skier, **Wiley Miller**. "The great thing about our company is that the skis reflect the rider's style and they play an intricate part in the design process," said 4FRNT owner **Matt Sterbenz**. I took out these bad boards for a few days of shredding *Little Cottonwood Canyon*, and was simply amazed. It is clear that Miller's versatile style comes out in these skis and I felt that I channeled a bit of his creativity each time I clicked in. The skis felt super stable underfoot, floated like a dream in the pow, and held an edge in the chunder. I had some apprehension about a center-mounted ski, but these beautifully symmetric boards performed like none other. The rotational weight is balanced, and spinning is as easy as eating a pork chop. The mountain truly became a playground, and terrain features took on a different light as I descended confidently down the slopes. They are available in 177 and 187 lengths, and can be found at the *4FRNT StoreFRONT* on 2900 S. West Temple. —Sean Zimmerman-Wall

Aerial7

Perisher Sound Disk Beanie

Aerial7.com

The Aerial7 Pesher Sound Disk is a tightly knit, relaxed beanie similar to the Daily (yeah you hipsters! I know you all own one). The depth is quite similar and allows for the flop. There is, however, an added knit band for the speaker housing which does provide quite a snugger fit. This works well to provide stability when out there going H.A.M., but is a little uncomfortable after a period of time. Hopefully, they break in a bit. As far as the sound was concerned, the speakers rocked. I have a default set list in order to test a speaker's ability and I can tell you that the trebles were as high and the basses as low as any bum in *Pioneer Park*. The pockets allow just enough movement to allow you to pull the speakers back, which was a huge plus for me as well. This allowed me the option of either ignoring or

alking to cohorts, with no one the wiser. Some things are made to combine with a head cover, like the beer helmet. Others are not, like the mullet trucker hat. That being said, the Sound Disk beanie falls somewhere in the middle. Not quite as tawdry as the (Con)federate fedora, but somehow highly functional like an ole booze bonnet. Now, by no means do I intend to call these cheap, as they do retail for a whopping 60 bucks, it's just the idea that s's lacking in quality. Companies have been trying out the best way to pack **Prodigy** into our ears via head security for a long time now (that "Fire Starter" song still jacks me up!). The bottom line is that I don't think headphones need to be installed into my hat. For those of you who do, then by all means, give this beanie a whirl. —Shawn Mayer

Camelbak Hydration Pack

Highwire 25

Camelbak.com



Living in the Wasatch presents a myriad of opportunities to explore the excellent terrain and enjoy the beautiful vistas. However, the best places to visit often involve lengthy excursions and it is easy to get dehydrated and exhausted. I have experimented with a variety of different water bottle configurations and most have left me wanting something more. The Camelbak Highwire 25 solves those issues and is a spacious, yet streamlined, pack. It holds a three-liter reservoir that fits into its own storage compartment and supplies cool, nourishing water to the tired hiker. Simply twist the quick-seal mouthpiece, and refreshment is delivered with minimal effort. The pack has adequate storage space for an extra layer, snacks, shades and a camera. It even has elastic external pouches that secure other small items. Comfort-wise, the Highwire has a great suspension system and fits snugly and securely on my back. For forays into the foothills or cross-country bike rides, this pack keeps your gear organized and your body hydrated. —Sean Zimmerman-Wall

Dickies

Plaid Rancher Jacket

Dickies.com

You know how girls like wearing a hoodie and tightening the hood over their head to wear around the house when they feel fat and want to watch *Sex in the City*? Guys have that same urge, too (sort of), but it manifests



itself in a different way. The male equivalent to this feeling is wanting to look like a grandpa and drinking a cup of coffee in the kitchen, but not looking like a goddamn LAN party nerd. Dickies' Plaid Rancher Jacket accomplishes this. The Rancher Jacket insulates your upper corpse with toasty fleece lining that prepares you to walk out into the godforsaken cold, and includes something that my rancher forefathers didn't have: a detachable hood that's great for those nippy walks to TRAX. This bad boy provides six pockets to stash your goods in—the front snap-button pockets are convenient for your wallet while slide-in interior pockets prove handy for controlling your iPod while keeping your fingers warm. Its classic plaid design will assure that you're in style in a variety of settings—from a pissed-off thrash metal show, to snow-bro-y pads like *X-Files* to the ironic realm of *Twilight*. Admittedly, the bitter air permeates the jacket when you're riding your bicycle, but it's nothing that a little layering can't fix. You can pick from four colorways involving either red or suede, and \$64.99 is a fairly agreeable price for this jacket's warmth and utility. —*Alexander Ortega*

Spy

Platoon Goggle

Spyoptic.com

These goggles are gigantic, but they feel small and light on your face. The spherical lens creates an awesome amount of peripheral vision, allowing you to



see incoming tree branches and out-of-control toddlers better. Plus the frame is big enough to fit over a pair of glasses, for all you four-eyes out there. Each pair comes with a bonus lens—who doesn't love free shit? The mirrored lens is great for sunny days and letting the homies check themselves out on the lift. The second lens is an orange color that's great for low-light days. While a second lens is great, changing between the two is a huge pain in the ass. These goggles make the Smith I/O system look like the greatest invention since the Gutenberg press. Spy also needs to work on their concept of colorways. The available colors for the Platoon are either something my dad would rock or slightly off the mark of what's actually cool. So if style is super important to you, I'd keep looking. But as far as fit and function, these goggles have it nailed. —Katie Panzer

Dickies

Rigid Duck Vest
Dickies.com



As a member of the service industry, my grandfather instilled in me a timeless love for almost all Dickies gear. That being said, I personally have to pass on this Duck Vest. Don't get me wrong, as with all Dickies gear, it's hardcore for what it is—a sturdy, water-repellent, insulated vest with "hand-warmer" pockets and heavy-duty zippers—but I'm a man who needs his sleeves. It's a good vest, I just don't see the point if there's nothing to roll up right around the forearm. For the price, it's a good deal (\$54.99-59.99), and it comes in three different colors: Brown Duck, Black and Black Olive. It also has a spacious inside pocket and a zip-able chest pocket that I'm pretty sure is for your gun. So, if you don't mind the lack of sleeves, or if you just need something to keep your center warm on those extra cold days, pick one up. —Johnny Logan

Oakley

Airbreak Goggles
Oakley.com

These are the third pair of Oakley goggles that I've owned, and I've got to say this pair is the best yet. The Airbreaks feature a slimmed-down profile compared to my bulky Crowbars and are way more user friendly when it comes to switching out lenses. Swapping lenses on my pair of Crowbars felt like doing rocket science, and when the conditions changed mid-day, I was more likely to say "fuck it" than attempt to change to a different lens. The Airbreak features an easy-to-use latch—to swap your lens, you simply unlock it and the lens pops out. Once you've got the new lens in place,

you move the latch back into the locked position and you are good to go. They also come with an extra pair of lenses so you are ready to conquer whatever the mountain has in store. —Jeanette D. Moses

Oakley

Marie-France Roy Signature Diagonal Jacket and Trend Pant
Oakley.com



No joke, I've been wearing the same purple pants and jacket for over 10 years, which is perhaps why I was so blown away by Oakley's Snow Collection. The Diagonal Jacket is very feminine. It's more form-fitting than most jackets and a little longer, coming down to about mid-thigh on me. I wasn't sure how I felt about looking like a girl on the mountain—it's easier to mingle with the snow bros when you're in flannel and a beanie—but damn, I look good. Hello world, I have hips! Not only are the pants and jacket super classy, but the days of getting snow down my pants and up my sleeves are over! One of the best features of this setup is the storm skirt system, which allows you to snap the jacket to the pants, making it impossible to end up in wet underwear—well, as a result of snow, anyway. The jacket also has wrist gaiters, among its many other features, which include a pocket with fancy fabric to keep your sunglasses from getting scratched and shoulder straps, which I assume are for carrying your jacket around like a backpack on sunny days. Look for me on the slopes, I'll be the classy lady in the Oakley jacket for the next 10 years. —Esther Meroño

Homeschool

Line Up Pant
Homeschoolsnowboarding.com

Homeschool is a relatively new outerwear company from the North West, bringing a strong emphasis to the philosophy of "Learning By Doing." This philosophy has led founder **Danny Clancey** to produce high-end outerwear that fits well and performs like a dream. Above all else, the "Cocona Xcelerator" technology is what sets Homeschool apart from the rest of the recent start-up companies. The technology utilizes a 10,000 mm waterproof, micro-porous fabric that, when introduced to body heat, allows water vapors underneath the fabric (i.e. sweat) to rise out, keeping you dry, thus warm. The Line Up Pant also comes with a holster on the side of the pant where you can keep your gloves when not using them, such as on the lift, so you don't have to worry about dropping them. Aside from that, the pant comes with the meat and potatoes of modern outerwear tech, such as fully taped seams, inseam zip vents, adjustable waistband and a pant-to-jacket powder skirt. This pant fits well, looks great and keeps me warm and dry, qualifying Homeschool's claim

that they cut no corners and compromise nothing in the design of their outerwear. —Chris Proctor

Saga

Saga Outerwear
Sagaouterwear.com



Over the last few years, outerwear and clothing companies have come and gone. Some, however, are thriving due to above average design and strong guerilla marketing. Saga, "a word of mouth company," is one of the select few who are making it in America. Saga offers a small line highlighted by the Anomie Jacket and Pant. Both offer the highest of quality and all the bells and whistles you techies out there look for in outerwear. The On Deck Jacket offers fashion for the transition from mountaintop to barstool. The coat offers a fresh varsity feel with enough functional ability to lap the park. The Shutout Jacket is designed more for those warm spring days when style and shred collide. New this year, Saga has also introduced a slim fit pant, balaclavas and neck gaiters to rock alongside some of the comfiest beanies in the game. Saga has the design quality and relations to make a name for themselves, so I suggest you act fast and hop on the wagon before the band does. Check out the extended review at slugmag.com. —Shawn Mayer

Soulra XL

Solar Powered Sound System
Etoncorp.com

The Soulra XL is the modern version of the ghetto blaster. Updated with eco-friendly solar technology and a fresh triangular design, this boom box is only compatible with iPods or iPhones. One feature I particularly liked on the Soulra XL is its ability to simultaneously charge an apple device while playing it. It will also continue charging it after the power on the Soulra XL has been turned off. However, I don't like remembering to turn off the Soulra XL once my playlist ends in order to avoid the solar power draining twice as fast. I also don't like that the charging mode code (made up of various combinations of blinking battery lights) must either be memorized or referenced in the 72-page instruction manual. I prefer technology that doesn't require a brief course in operation before the fun can start. There is an AC adaptor included with purchase, which was handy when I wanted to use the device after dark. Despite my complaints, the Soulra XL is a kick-ass product that I use almost daily. I love its mobility, and the ability to broadcast my playlists and podcasts anywhere, anytime. It boasts high quality speakers (with a bass boost option) and the carrying strap is comfortable to wear. I have a feeling this sucker is going to accompany me on many future outdoor excursions and backyard summer parties. —Ann Eliza Webb

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By Tyler Makmell
tyler@slugmag.com

It's a fresh start to a new year, and 2011 is going to be hard to top. We all saw that our brewers/distillers/vintners busted a serious amount of ass to give us the libations we demanded. I'm willing to wager that 2012 will be no different. This month we have a new take on familiar flavors to break your whiny, know-it-all craft palate.

First we will start off with a true S.O.B. from the crew at High West, and then we'll move on over to a High West/RedRock collaboration crazy enough to make those mouths salivate malt.

Son of Bourye

Distillery: High West Distillery
Alcohol: 92 Proof
Serving: 750 ml Bottle
Description: Reflecting the rooted flavors of Bourye, this new addition has deep vanilla notes, rich caramel and bourbon spice that come off the nose. From there, your palate is opened up into a balanced medley of soft citrus fruit, cinnamon and caramel, and finishes with a warming vanilla linger on the tongue.

Overview: I should probably start by saying that I have a profound amount of respect and love for the original Bourye, so seeing that jackalope depart will be hard. But, as with all separations, there comes a silver lining, and this S.O.B. will help me cope with the loss just fine.The new brand came about from some light play off of the original recipe and was later aged in fresh American Oak casks. Luckily, these new tweaks still help preserve the original flavor of the departed.

Secale

Brewery/Brand: RedRock Brewing Co.
ABV: 8.5%
Serving: 500 ml bottles
Description: This adventuresome new doppelbock from RedRock pours a rich garnet red with a thin but persistent tannish head. The aroma is one of rye bread, with

some musty character from the barrel aging. The flavor follows up on this with bread and some darker, dried fruit notes dominating, backed up by a boozey, wood-influenced whiskey-mouth feel. The overall effect is sweet and lusciously full without being overwhelming. The balance is excellent—many beers can display too much of the whiskey or wood character received from barrels, but here it is in perfect proportion: an interesting and innovative treatment of a classic style.

Overview: The latest in RedRock's high-point bottled releases, Secale is the Latin name for rye. This strong lager was brewed as a traditional Bavarian example would be, but with a few twists: the addition of rye malt to the grain bill and a prolonged lagering period in rye whiskey casks provided by local distillery High West. The result is certainly different from your usual doppelbock, but in a wonderful way—especially for fans of rye, whiskey and wood-aged beers.
Kevin Templin and his crew of hardworking brewers have outdone themselves this time. Pick this one up before it's all gone.
—Rio Connelly



Illustration: Sean Hennefer

Dear Cop,

I ride my bike whenever I need to get anywhere around the city. I do it mostly because it's fun, but I've found that it's also much faster than driving a car around the city, not to mention it saves me tons of money on gas and parking tickets. I have two questions though. First, the reason riding my bike is faster than driving is because, as long as there are no cars, I don't stop for stop signs or stoplights. I've been told that this is legal in other states, but I'm not sure about ours. I've read up on Utah's bike laws and it doesn't say anything about bikes being exempt from stopping at stop signs or stoplights, so what do cops do when they see a cyclist run a stop sign? Second, bicycles are defined as "vehicles" just like a motorcycle or a car, but do cops *really* enforce D.U.I.'s as heavily with cyclists as they do with drivers? In my opinion, the only person I pose a threat to when cycling drunk is myself. And one great thing about cycling drunk is that if you're too drunk, you don't have enough balance to operate the "vehicle," so you end up walking home anyway.

Sincerely,
Lance

Sir Knight:

A friend of mine biffed it on his bike

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drunk and nearly died. Not only did the fall nearly kill him, but he was almost squished by a couple of cars as well. Bicycling under the influence is never a good idea. Maybe thou shouldst ride in the sand dunes all by yourself. Yes, difficult, but me-thinks much more safe.

No, brave sir, cops almost never enforce bike DUIs. However, know that they can. Usually, drunk cyclist dickheadness determines his punishment.

The question is, why do cops interact with bike riders really at all? I can tell you it's not normally for traffic violations. As you indicated, bigger worries like cars and trucks violating traffic laws are their concern. But, they can cite you the same as a car for violating the same laws, and that goes for most states.

Cops interact with bicyclists because many of them are out committing crimes or have warrants. From my experience, just about any bicyclist I stop at 3 a.m. for whatever traffic violation, on whatever street, is going to have one or all of the following:

- a. An arrest warrant
- b. A false name
- c. Drugs
- d. A false name
- e. Burglary tools
- f. A backpack with stolen shit
- g. A false name


Someone else's pants on—they don't know whose—and it's that guy's meth in the pocket: "Honest, I just found them on the floor when I got up and put them on. It was at my cousin's house—I don't know my cousin's name, see, they don't even fit ..."

If I stopped a car at 3 a.m. for any violation on any street, my chance of snagging a similar perp out making someone's life miserable is low.

Sir Lancelot, riding your bike during the day, only jousting with the Jimmy John/Jason's Deli guy and not committing crimes, I'm gonna say that you're probably fine ... usually.



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movie reviews

The Adventures of Tintin
Paramount
In Theaters: 12.21.11



In June 2011, **J.J. Abrams** was praised for his heartfelt tribute to **Steven Spielberg**'s earlier works with the sci-fi adventure *Super 8*, but rather than remaining stagnant and allowing the next generation of filmmakers to move forward without him, the master-mind behind *E.T.* and *Jaws* has teamed up with **Peter Jackson** and his ground-breaking Weta digital effects team to breathe new life into Belgian artist **Hergé**'s comic book franchise. Spielberg employs never-before-seen motion capture technology and garners the talents of **Jamie Bell**, **Daniel Craig** and the motion capture king himself, **Andy Serkis**, to set forth a film that embodies the same thrilling excitement captured in Spielberg's *Indiana Jones* series. The adventure begins immediately when an inquisitive journalist, Tintin (Bell), purchases a model pirate ship that's also being hunted by a mysterious baron (Craig) due to the fact that the ship contains a clue to the whereabouts of a treasure that's been missing for over 300 years. With one unfortunate altercation after another, Tintin soon finds himself on a high-speed, uncontrollable quest that reaches land, sea and air. He is aided by his furry friend, Snowy, and adult-beverage aficionado, Captain Haddock (Serkis). Spielberg has changed the game for the future of motion-capture filmmaking. His characters' movements and features are more realistic than any of **Robert Zemeckis**' previous projects and open the door to endless possibilities for pending productions. Witnessing one of the greatest directors of all time reach into his pocket of well crafted tricks to deliver a balanced comedic adventure for a new generation is exciting to say the least, but knowing this is only the beginning of a new era is even more exhilarating. *—Jimmy Martin*

The Artist
The Weinstein Company
In Theaters: 01.13
In a time when large production studios cringe at the utterance of "black and white,"

it's a true testament to writer/director **Michel Hazanavicius**' creation when The Weinstein brothers stick around after the word "silent" is added to the mix. While the storyline of an actor's rise and fall in Hollywood may not be the most original concept to reach the silver screen, the execution in Hazanavicius' *The Artist* certainly is. Stocked to the brim with insider film references only dedicated movie buffs will appreciate (not that outsiders can't enjoy the film as well), Hazanavicius casts **Jean Dujardin** in the lead as George Valentin, a pompous and stubborn silent-film-era superstar who refuses to accept the fact that talkies are taking over the industry, which ultimately leads to his professional demise. However, as George's career crumbles, Peppy Miller (**Bérénice Bejo**), a small-time aspiring actress, finds her calling with the new technological advancements and skyrockets into fame, yet never stops thinking about the short-lived on-set flirtation she shared with her fallen co-star. Hazanavicius crafts this silent film about silent films with a fitting amount of exaggeration in the performances and direction that precisely simulates and exuberates the classical tone found in early-1900s cinema. Surrounded by **Ludovic Bource**'s magnificent score that not only assists the story but tells it as well, Dujardin and Bejo enchant viewers with their puppy-love chemistry and contagious smiles that'll follow you all the way home. *—Jimmy Martin*

The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo
Sony
In Theaters: 12.21.11



For anyone who has read **Stieg Larsson**'s Millennium trilogy or has screened the adapted Swedish films, it was clear that the list of directors capable of Americanizing the darkened tale of a tortured soul for a new audience would be short, but there was no debate on whether **David Fincher** could make the cut. The dreary vision from the man behind *Fight Club* and *Seven* certainly fit the description of the series. Unfortunately, Fincher has neglected to deliver an innovative variation and just lets the wheels spin on their own accord while making

amateurish mistakes that ruin the revelation behind the ultimate mystery of the film. Just as journalist Mikael Blomkvist's (**Daniel Craig**) career deteriorates due to an unjust investigation for libel, he's hired by Swedish industrialist Henrik Vanger (**Christopher Plummer**) to look into the disappearance of his niece that occurred over 50 years ago on his family's private island. On the other side of the country, skilled computer hacker Lisbeth Salander (**Rooney Mara**) is forced to deal with her petrifying social worker, who blackmails the angered loner into non-consensual sexual acts. However, there are severe repercussions for his behavior. Once Blomkvist learns of Salander's expertise, the two join forces to uncover the truth behind the Vanger family's secrets. Fincher opens his film with an artsy James Bond-like intro, complete with figures enveloped in an oil substance, contorting into various poses, offering audiences a glimpse into a brutal environment that only partially arrives afterward. Mara offers an exceptional portrayal of a traumatized yet powerful woman, but Craig could easily be replaced by a number of other working actors. However, Fincher's uncalculated casting of side characters spoils what could have been a spectacular unveiling and leaves viewers frustrated. *—Jimmy Martin*

The Muppets
Disney
In Theaters: 11.23.11



There have been two individuals who changed the world of child entertainment forever in the past 80 years. In the 1930s, **Walt Disney** presented us with a mouse draped in nothing but a pair of pants and clogs, and, 25 years later, **Jim Henson** introduced us to a talking amphibian named Kermit the Frog who would become the most recognizable protagonist in the Muppet franchise. Now it's been over five decades, and the legacies of both icons have been paired together as Disney presents the latest revitalization to the Muppet series. When it's discovered that an oil tycoon (**Chris Cooper**) wishes to demolish the once-prosperous Muppet Studios in

Los Angeles, a small-town couple (**Jason Segel**, **Amy Adams**) and their tagalong Muppet buddy, Walter, set out to uncover the whereabouts of Kermit and persuade him to get the gang back together for one last fundraiser, but, the mission proves to be difficult since the world has completely lost interest in the Muppets' wild antics. Essentially, the film is a revised version of *The Blues Brothers*. The majority of the soundtrack is comprised of brilliantly written musical numbers crafted by *Flight of the Conchords* **Bret McKenzie**, and fans of the HBO cult hit will certainly find delight in the jovial lyrics. From the copious amount of celebrity cameos to the self-awareness of the script (co-written by Segel), director **James Bobin** has created a praiseworthy film and has surrounded himself with a cast and crew of genuine admirers of Henson's creations. Bobin has developed a production that'll evoke the joy and excitement that adults experienced as children and introduce youngsters to a world of never-before-seen felt-filled laughs. *—Jimmy Martin*

Sherlock Holmes: A Game of Shadows
Warner Bros.
In Theaters: 12.16.11

Diving first into his next mystery, Sherlock Holmes (**Robert Downey, Jr.**) returns as the sharpest detective to stumble drunkenly down London's streets camouflaged in a plethora of costumes, aided by his exasperated yet loyal sidekick, Dr. John Watson (**Jude Law**). Leading the second chapter of RDJ's Holmes is returning director **Guy Ritchie**, who has clearly examined and corrected the misfires from the first endeavor and has amplified the clever mischief fans have admired the filmmaker for in his earlier projects like *Lock Stock and Two Smoking Barrels* and *Snatch*. This time around, Holmes has met a much greater intellectual threat to the world in the form of Professor James Moriarty (**Jared Harris**), who plans to single-handedly bring destruction to Western civilization with a massive war. Only the inimitable wit and collaboration of Holmes and Watson can prevent this maniacal operation. Ritchie captures a much more pure bond between his two leads as the progression of maturity attempts to sever their life long friendship, but the call to action magnetically forces it back in an instant. The Holmes/Moriarty connection is reflective of the respectful distaste Batman and The Joker have for one another. As the two face off in multiple civilized settings incapable of slaughtering the other, the catastrophic tension builds to what can only be an exceptional grand finale. While Ritchie does neglect the talents of newcomer to the franchise **Noomi Rapace**, he and his team can be commended on their elegant battle sequences, captured with rich imagery, still photography and slow-motion effects that paint a beautiful screen of wild devastation. This is certainly a sequel that outshines the original on every level. *—Jimmy Martin*

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book reviews

Fresh At Twenty: The Oral History of Mint Records
Kaitlin Fontana
ECW Press
Street: 10.01.11

The story of Mint Records is cool, but not necessarily an entire book's worth of cool. In the early 1990s in Vancouver, a few dudes formed Mint Records with **Sub Pop Records** as their inspiration. It was a giant boost to the music scene there, and produced bands that gained heavy attention like **The New Pornographers** and **Neko Case**. Almost the entire book consists of direct interviews with the founders **Bill Baker** and **Randy Iwata** about their experiences and such. This becomes rather extensive and dull after 369 pages. The photos included are pretty rad, as well as the music references, but overall, this book seems like something that only people involved with Mint would appreciate. I would recommend skimming through this one.

—Kia McGinnis

Inside Pee-wee's Playhouse: The Untold, Unauthorized, and Unpredictable Story of a Pop Phenomenon
Caseen Gaines
ECW Press
Street: 11.11.11

From a short standup act by unknown comic **Paul Reubens** to pop culture superstardom, **Pee-wee Herman** has imbedded himself into the American psyche. Whether you remember him as a weird childhood hero or associate Pee-wee with public masturbation, Pee-wee Herman is an icon. Written like a textbook for film majors or Pee-wee superfans, *Inside Pee-wee's Playhouse* takes an almost too-in-depth look at the creation of Reubens' Pee-wee Herman universe. Caseen Gaines tells how *The Pee-wee Herman Show*, an SNL-style live stage show in LA, caught the attention of entertainment industry insiders and garnered an underground following, which led to the creation of the film *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*. Gaines thoroughly examines the production of the television show *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, covering topics ranging from inter-staff backstabbing to how they made **Conky's** robot voice. Gaines also covers Reubens' media crucifixion following his 1991 lewdness charge and his eventual comeback with 2010's resurrection of *The Pee-wee Herman Show*. Included are overviews of every *Playhouse* episode—Gaines actually catalogues every "Secret Word of the Day." The average reader may find this a bit superfluous, but it made me want to find my old Pee-wee action figure and spend the rest of the week watching old episodes on YouTube.

—Cody Kirkland

game reviews



Creeper at 9 O'Clock!!!

Dance Central 2 Harmonix/Microsoft
Reviewed on: Xbox 360 (exclusive)
Street: 10.25.11

In the same way the *Rock Band* franchise has given gamers the courage to hit up karaoke bars and belt **Radiohead's** "Creep" without fear since they received a perfect score at home, Harmonix's choreographed sensation offers sunlight-deprived basement dwellers the bravery to bust out moves like the "Secret Agent," the "Beach Party" and the "Talk to the Hand" whenever **Bobby Brown's** "My Prerogative" or **Digital Underground's** "The Humpty Dance" blasts in clubs. They say that sequels are never as good as the original, but such is not the case when it comes to the follow-up to last year's shuffling showcase. With the new ability to simultaneously dance with your friends side-by-side in multiplayer mode and a new soundtrack of over 40 songs, the game opens the doors for an elevated experience of be-boppin' and scattin', and an even greater risk of crushing your companion's phalanges! —Jimmy Martin

controls, as if they make the game, but they're missing the point. I will say this about *Skyward Sword's* controls, however: unless you are really lazy, they are really good. I was a little disappointed by the game's graphics and art. I didn't expect much, but it seems like they just blended the styles from previous installments into something generic. This isn't a bad analogy for the entire game—it stuck to the formula. I don't think that it has the best dungeons, the best characters, or the best items, but more importantly, it doesn't mess any of these things up. *Skyward Sword* was hyper-aware of its roots; it recognized what didn't work in previous games, and it ironed out all of those wrinkles, making this game the most approachable in the entire series—which is one of the best compliments I can give to a video game. Rarely do I find myself replaying *Zelda* games. Usually I get through them once, I feel pretty good about it, and then I don't think about them again for a year or two. With *Skyward Sword* I finished and jumped right back into playing. It gives you everything you could ask for: rescuing Zelda, searching for the Triforce, by far the coolest boss battle in the series, tons of side-quests and mini-games, and a Hero Mode, which is kind of like the Master Quests of old, but rather than making the dungeon's puzzles more difficult, they make the enemies do more damage. So while *Skyward Sword* might have seemed a little generic, it boiled the *Zelda* formula down to its essence. More than any of the other games, this one is the heart of the series.

—Jason Young

The Legend of Zelda: Skyward Sword
Nintendo
Reviewed on: Nintendo Wii
Street: 11.20.11

Skyward Sword is the latest main-console release in the *Legend of Zelda* series, and is the sixteenth installment in the franchise. Every article I've read about this game seems to focus on the motion

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local music reviews

Bellrave
Taste Us EP
Self-Released
Street: 11.11.11
Bellrave = Aqua + Lene Nystrom + Right Said Fred

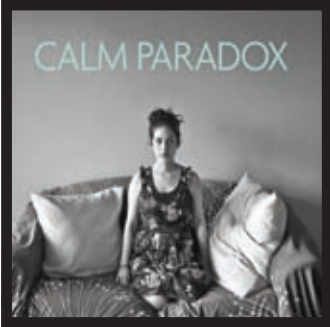
Local dance musician **Allison Martin** continues her quest to become the resident queen of the disco scene. Her latest project—a collaboration with **Allister Marx**, under new moniker Bellrave—certainly takes her one step closer. With an obvious and infectious nod to the eurodance genre, this EP’s four tracks are best when Martin’s voice is central to them. The opener “Cave of Wonders” is catchy, and wouldn’t be out of place on one of those seemingly interchangeable dance compilations from the ‘90s, which is intended as a compliment. There’s even a remix of it here. “Touch Me On The Dance Floor” follows in a similar vein, and it seems like they’re onto something (infectious bass lines, hooky choruses) until Marx’s embarrassingly bad “rap” shows up and mars the end. Unfortunately, he is also the vocal focus of “The Good In Goodbye” where his (assumed) lyrics match his wretched vocal performance, which Martin’s minimal contribution simply can’t save from destruction. —*Dean O Hillis*

Broken Silence
We See Everything EP
Arterial Records
Street: 01.01
Broken Silence = Swollen Members + Beastie Boys + Task Rock

“Broken Silence means a change in the way music is viewed and heard.”—Words from their Facebook page. Three emcees come together to form this hip hop group that has nearly a decade under their belts. *We See Everything* is pretty good for an EP. The group captures their audience with their Swollen Members sound, and messages about how the way things are in this world are about to change. They embrace hip hop to the fullest, using various retro samples in their instrumentals to apply a classic feel to a modern product. I liked what I heard from this short six-song EP and would like to hear what the LP sounds like.

My favorite track on the EP is “Can’t Stop Pushin’,” because the beat is such a banger. Check them out on Facebook, not to be confused with “A Broken Silence,” the new **Limp Bizkit** album. Keep it up, dudes. Style is something that cannot be taught or acquired, it is something that resonates within. —*Hessian*

Calm Paradox
How To Mind
Self-Released
Street: 03.01.11
Calm Paradox = Regina Spektor + Metric



Guitar-driven writing seems to be a fairly defining characteristic of Calm Paradox’s style—the arrangements, other instruments and vocals are built around guitar riffs, for better or worse. That sounds ominous, but rest assured, most of it works fine (as a classically trained harpist, strings are her forte). In my opinion, it will get more interesting when the focus varies a little more, but most of the songs are composed well. **Michelle Kennedy**, singer and sole member, has a very distinct voice—melodic over distortion and buzz. I want to hear her let it go, growl a little to match the mood, and I hope in the future she will enhance other qualities in her tone. An easy listen, and a pay-what-you-like option on the website, *calmparadox.com*, means that you really should just drop by and download it. Rock on! —*Ischa B.*

Dustin Christensen
Highway Lines
Self-Released
Street: 10.07.11
Dustin Christensen = Joshua James + Blitzen Trapper + Old Canes



Christensen, the former lead singer of Provo-based indie group **Jerrytown**, finally put together his much anticipated solo album *Highway Lines*, with hopes of capturing the audience of old and new indie fans. Songs such as “Where Does The Time Go” and “Like A Rose” definitely have their appeal with Christensen’s soft and down-to-earth vocals, accompanied by his elegantly rustic guitar licks that feel more like their own musician, rather than a backdrop instrument. But when you take away the localized build-up and gravitas, it’s just another country album trying to be “alternative” while also looking to hook the folk audience. The musical skill and range that Christensen possesses only shines through in brief instances while *Highway Lines* as a whole comes off as an album that caters specifically to the Utah County crowds. It’s a pretty decent album, but Christensen is far more country than “alt” and should stop pretending. —*Spencer Ingham*

ESX
A Love Ethic
Self-Released
Street: 10.06.11
ESX = Mazzy Star + Eurythmics + Cyndi Lauper
“Had a thing for a girl named Annie ... Found out she was a tranny...” begins the debut album of SLC locals, ESX. **Crystal Pistol**, sexy lead singer extraordinaire, coos, growls, chats and sings over the fast-paced beats, bouncy bass and catchy keys. The song-writing is good, fun shit that you want to sing along to—and the production is top-notch, especially for a hometown production. I happen to know these chicks rock a great live show, too, so head on down to the next performance and pick up an



album for yourself. You won’t regret it, as the band is filled with babes, and while they’ll probably go home with your girlfriend instead of you, I hear that a guy has recently joined the previously all-girl line-up—perhaps you two can play video games and jam out to the new album while they get it on. Hot. —*Ischa B.*

I’m Designer
EP
Self-Released
Street: 09.26.11
I’m Designer = Dredg + Circa Survive

I’ve never been a fan of singers who draw heavily upon reverb and delay, but the way **Robert George** uses them over his Dredg-style guitar work beckons me to give this band the benefit of the doubt. I’m Designer’s first release, *EP*, intricately combines ambient guitar riffs with solid bass work in attempt to cast an art-rock blanket over the listener. This instrumental weaving would be smoother were it not for the kinks caused by the outlandishly distracting drummer. Most of this album is riddled with inappropriate and overly syncopated drum fills, which prevent me from being fully absorbed into the songs. “I Could Sleep Through Anything” would be a more appealing track were it not for the ridiculous minute-long drum solo at the end. There’s a place for virtuoso heavy metal drumming, and it’s definitely not within the ambient sound this group is trying to produce. —*Gregory Gerulat*

Jazzsequence
WaspRemix
Plague Music
Street: 11.02.11
Jazzsequence = Tron: Legacy-era

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Daft Punk + The Social Network-era Trent Reznor

Local musician, Jazzsequence, aka **Chris Reynolds**, recently released a remix entitled *WaspRemix*. This CD is a follow up to his Spring 2011 release *Wasp*: music inspired by the Stieg Larsson novel *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*. *WaspRemix* captures the intensity and suspense of the popular book. The electronica genre seems a well-suited accompaniment to the book, with tracks named after pivotal scenes and dark themes from the murder mystery novel such as “Opening the Door to Hell.” The changeable beats of the tracks are reminiscent of the book’s moody, outcast protagonist, Lisbeth Salander. Fans of the book and music genre should check out this new release. —Diane Hartford

The Jingoos

Self-Titled
Self-Released
Street: 11.01.11
The Jingoos = Minutemen + Television + Gang of Four
I remember seeing the Jingoos open for **Mike Watt** a few years back at *Bar Deluxe*. What I liked about them continues to make me nod my head as I listen today. This is a seriously great band. From what I can piece together, after the breakup of **Junta Deville**, band leader **Spock** decided to form another socially conscious rock band. A revolving door of drummers eventually led to this CD. Musically, it reminds me quite a bit of late-era Minutemen. The songs pop, quickly find a groove and build around the catchiest riffs. Having two guitarists allows for considerable interplay, and the simple-yet-serious lyrics have the potential to strike a chord. The opening track, “Between the Shields,” lays the punk rock foundation for the eight other missives on the disc. A personal favorite, “Chinese Magnets,” builds slowly over a grinding feedback loop that gives off the feel of an uneasy Beijing factory—masterfully reflecting the song’s content. All in all this is a fantastic album, beautifully packaged and a real joy to listen to. —James Bennett

MAD MAX

LOVE LIFE
Greenlight Records
Street: 08.06.11
MAD MAX = Real Eyes + Burnell Washburn + The Flobots

A hip hop record that uses all-live instrumentals usually falls to one end of the spectrum: either really awesome or really bad. Combinations of rock music and hip hop are even less reliable—certain elements of live rock seem to clash with some of the other components of hip hop, like clear vocal delivery and danceable rhythm. That being said, the efforts are always interesting. *LOVE LIFE* is an extremely well produced record. I can hear every musician in the large collaborative cast of players and the emcee’s gritty **Buck 65** vocals come clearly over all of it. The drums and guitars are solid, the jams are tight; there are loud, shouty choruses and raspy breakdowns. But overall, something is missing. It might be the style of trying to live-sample classic ’80s rock (**Great White**’s “Rock Me”) under pick-up line rhymes, or the overall metal feel of a record that really wants to be hip hop. *LOVE LIFE* comes off a little flat without enough new ideas to make the energetic combination interesting. This is a first effort and I think this local artist can only get better as he gets more comfortable. Keep it up, dude—I’ll keep listening. —Rio Connelly

Palace of Buddies

Summertimes
Kilby Records
Street: 09.23.11
Palace of Buddies = Neon Indian + The Antlers



Salt Lake is lucky to be home to these experimental, shoe-gazing badasses. Taking a turn from their first album, which was more rock based, *Summertimes* has an electro-pop, retro feel—heavy on seductive bass lines and salivating keyboard. These dudes pack a plethora of sounds in full band style, even though it’s just the two of them. This is an album that you can listen to all the way through with maintained interest, and it’s easy on the ears despite its complex welding of synth and instrumentals. Palace of Buddies have hit the stage

with bands such as **Xiu Xiu**, and it’s easy to see why if you listen to tracks like “Super Sunshine,” or “Jp Little Baby,”—they could easily be in the running with the big leagues. I hope this duo keeps on cranking the beats. (*SLUG Mag*’s *Blue Dress Birthday Bash @The Woodshed: 02/17*) —Kia McGinnis

Riksha

Night Begins
Self-Released
Street: 09.08.11
Riksha = Deftones + Mudvayne + Snot

Longevity in local artists is somewhat uncommon. I remember hearing about Jesus Rides a Riksha back when I was in high school and my brothers were going to the University of Utah. They were members of a fraternity that had the band play at one of their parties. Strangely enough, *Night Begins* is my first instance in actually hearing the band. Persistence is a strong virtue to have for any band, even if the line-up may have undergone a few changes and now the band name is abbreviated. *Night Begins* is a nice mix of rhythmic bouncing heaviness and pure melody. As far as modern heavy music goes, Riksha thankfully don’t sound like a clone of any other band. “Hair Burst Blooms Red,” is a fantastic standout track that is a great showcase of all the talent that Riksha has to offer. I’d honestly like a bit more of the guitar leads and soloing than what is provided on the record—the ’90s have passed and it’s cool to let your guitar wail again. The vocals could use some touching up: Their emotional delivery feels a bit flat and forced. If you’re in the mood to bounce, mosh, and get hit with some heavy, groove-based riffing with clean/gruff vocals, Riksha deliver exactly that. —Bryer Wharton

Starmy

Blue Skies Abound
Kilby Records
Street: 11.04.11
Starmy = Led Zeppelin + Muse + Eric Clapton-style guitar

If you have been living in a cave and don’t know shit about local music, Starmy are Salt Lake legends. When I first moved to Utah, I remember seeing them often and thought, ‘Man, if these dudes weren’t wasted they would fucking kick ass.’ Well guess what ... They’re probably still drunk, but they sound soooo fucking good now. I caught them at *Urban* a while back after a year or more of not seeing them, and they were top-notch. On the new album, **Dave Combs**’ guitar work is tasteful, complementing the vocals nicely and soloing just long enough and just awesome enough to make you say “fuck yeah!” **Mike Sartain**’s voice is super clear

and good enough that I can listen to it for an entire album without getting sick of it. I hope these guys are able to promote this album well and tour behind it. The tracks on this album are cohesive, yet distinguishable from each other. The production is pretty slick—this sounds like stuff you’d hear on the radio. Props to **Mike Sasich** who recorded the album. This is one I’ll be keeping in my pile of albums that I actually listen to. Congrats guys! —Tom Bennett

Young Sim

Audio Diary
Feel Good Music Coalition
Street: 05.05.11
Young Sim = Murs + Will Smith + Ant

Young Sim is known in Salt Lake City as a humble guy who conveys his message to his listeners in a vulgarity-free and violence-free manner. He does this by refraining from adding curses and glocks into his rhymes while keeping the essence of hip hop in his music. He is best known for his viral YouTube song, “Teach me how to Jimmer,” a “Teach Me How to Dougie” remix. *Audio Diary* is a great album from the local scene. “Facebook,” a track that has a pop feel with **Kiliona** and **Emerson Kennedy**, two local artists who are making moves, is one of my favorites on the album. This track talks about social networking and the trouble it can cause. I like the song because of the entire vibe that the trio captured while creating the song. All three bring something different to the track and it comes together quite nicely. In “Letter to my Pop,” a slower track on the album, Young Sim brings you back into a ‘sit down, listen and elaborate’ type of mood through meaningful lyrics to his father over a mellow instrumental. With the high morals of a modern day Will Smith and the always-clear and to-the-point lyrical style of Murs, I think it’s going to be pretty difficult for this guy to fail at his craft. Feel free to check the album out. —Hessian

YYBS

YB
Self-Released
Street: 10.14.11
YYBS = Modest Mouse + Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

Park City kids YYBS (Young Yet Brilliant Sleuths) cover a range of styles over the course of this four-song EP—going from alt-country picking to aught indie yelping in seconds—yet manages to never sound contrived. The melding of sounds is part of what makes this EP such an interesting listen, but the record loses a bit of steam on the slower closer, “Tree.” It will be exciting to see where this young band goes from here. —Nate Housley

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music reviews

Banner Pilot

Heart Beats Pacific

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 10.25.11

Banner Pilot = The Menzingers + Spanish Gamble



Nothing makes me more excited these days than good pop-punk. My theory is that if you're going to make shitty music, you may as well do it the best you fucking can. That, and I'm not really ashamed of liking pop-punk anymore. I mean, this isn't **Good Charlotte**, it's solid rock n' roll, with pop overtones. Banner Pilot is a perfect balance between the two. They sound a little bit like **Red City Radio**, but with a singer that is a lot nastier. The album starts out with a super catchy song, "Alchemy," that begs me to listen to more. "Red Line" is so hooky and fun, and still manages to kick a significant amount of ass. These guys are great musicians, and the singer grew on me after a few listens. He's not bad, I just generally prefer heavier vocals. The entire album doesn't have one flaw on it, though. It's everything I want in a pop-punk band. They were just on tour with a bunch of cool bands, so they must be doing something right, right? *—Ky/la G.*

The Cure

Bestival Live 2011

[PIAS] America

Street: 12.06.11

Bestival Live = Entreat + Show + 4:13 Dream

Recorded in September 2011 while headlining the Isle of Wight-based, *Bestival*, there are definitely highlights to this live release ("Push," "Grinding Halt," "One Hundred Years"), but this is something for either an extremely casual fan or a Cure completist. The band is apparently donating all profits from the 32-song, two CD



set to the Isle of Wight Youth Trust, which is admirable, but not a good enough reason to drop hard-earned money for this set. Initially, the sound seemed a bit on the thin side, but it's always awesome to hear frontman **Robert Smith** completely fuck the lyrics to his own songs up (as well as listen to his almost indecipherable between-song banter) but I just can't see enough right about this release to warrant it being a necessity. Final thought: Have we, as a society, become so politically correct that The Cure has been forced (or decided) to change the lyrics and title of the classic "Killing an Arab" to "Killing Another?" Weak. *—Gavin Hoffman*

Dan P and the Bricks

Watch Where You Walk

Asian Man

Street: 11.08.11

Dan P and the Bricks = The Maytals + The Specials + Less Than Jake

Thank-nonexistent-God that there are still people producing good ska these days. It seemed for a minute there that the entire genre was going to die out yet again. Dan P. and the other nine members of this Santa Cruz band shatter that worry with a robust horns section, classic two-step rhythms and plenty of upbeat humor. They started out mostly playing for charity events and causes, and still tour for that purpose today. The instrumentation is the best thing about this record—10 members really let you do a lot. Half of those are horns backed by a solid rhythm section of bass, drums, organ and two guitars. The rhythm never veers very far from two-step, but somehow, I don't care. These guys are at their best when they're fast, as on the titular "Watch Where You Walk" and on "Connecting Four." Other favorites include "Heartbeat Survival" and "Footdown." Hopefully, this small

resurgence of ska continues!

—Rio Connelly

The Devil's Blood

The Thousandfold

Epicentre

Metal Blade

Street: 01.17

The Devil's Blood = Anima Morte + Coven + Blood Ceremony

The intro track to this album, "Unending Singularity," sounds legitimately like music for a horror film, properly introducing The Devil's Blood and their dark breed of '70s psychedelia and progressive rock. The whine of electric guitars go off like an air raid siren, then "On the Wings of Gloria" converts the siren to a triumphal riff, underlying a fierce vocal performance from **Farida Lemouchi**. Her voice evokes an uncommon power, reminiscent of **Jinx Dawson** of Coven, but with a deeper, soulful feel. "The Madness of Serpents" features some truly epic vocal arrangements, while "She" and "Fire Burning" showcase the band's solid rock fundamentals. Walking a thin line between progressive jamming and articulate jazz riffs, *The Thousandfold Epicentre* has lived up to the great potential shown with *Come, Reap* and *The Time of No Time Evermore*. *—Henry Glasheen*

Eddy Current Suppression Ring

So Many Things

Goner

Street: 11.22.11

Eddy Current Suppression Ring = The Drones + Tyvek

This collection of singles and rarities provides an interesting look into the progression of a band. The title track, "So Many Things," is one of the first songs ECSR ever recorded, and tends to seem a bit like a crazed homeless rant, but the band is tight. As the band progresses, singer **Brendan Suppression** begins to master his rants and become the most interesting part of the band. The songs are simple, and the riffs are catchy. The only problem with the simplicity is that, at times, it crosses the border from familiar to redundant. Along with the large amount of original songs, this collection contains a couple of covers: "Boy, I

Dance Good" by **The Pagans**, and the poorly sung yet decidedly more interesting cover of **The Go-Gos'** "We Got the Beat." This collection is fun, but I am not sure I would be compelled to purchase another ECSR album. *—Cody Hudson*

Errors

Have Some Faith In Magic

Rock Action Records

Street: 01.31

Errors = Neon Indian + Battles + 65daysofstatic



Remember a time where you combined two or more radically different foods together to eat due to lack of groceries or drunken laziness and thought afterwards, "Wait, that was pretty good?" Musicians from Glasgow are doing that shit constantly with their genres (**Primal Scream** and **The Jesus and Mary Chain**, anyone?). Scottish four-piece Errors keep this tradition alive with their third LP, *Have Some Faith in Magic*, which showcases an interesting medley of chillwave, post-rock, and synthpop. The first track, "Tusk," hooks well by melodically pairing beefy, distorted guitar with shrill synthesizer chords. Latter tracks drop you into softer and navel-gazing soundscapes, such as "The Knock," which feature obscure, deep vocals akin to an electronically processed Gregorian chant. The only area in which this record is lacking is a broader variation in instrumental effects. Nevertheless, I'm curious to hear this band's future works and the abnormal ingredients they involve. *—Gregory Gerulat*

Grimes

Visions

Arbutus Records

Street: 01.31

Grimes = Cocteau Twins + Nite

Jewel

Canada exports the best things in life: maple syrup, hockey, hot breads and good music. Enter **Claire Boucher** and her project, Grimes. This mysterious virtuoso has produced an album thoroughly packed with such genre-bending techniques that it thoroughly satisfies a person like me, who is looking for that next audio tidbit of deliciousness. It's on tracks like "Genesis" (featuring '80s-era chime percussion and Asian-influenced flute, all underneath Boucher's transcendent and airy vocals) that make me swoon hard. This LP has enough synth and poly-chromatic vox layering to fit in any electronic music fan's library, yet it has enough solid drums to fill the hardest percussion fiend's bassiest living room corners. I'm not one to tell you what to do, but go get this one, or I won't speak to you again. *—JP*

Kepi Ghoulie

I Bleed Rock N Roll

Asian Man

Street: 11.22.11

Kepi Ghoulie = A fine-tuned mishmash of exactly what keeps America decent



Since California pop-punkers **The Groovie Ghoulies** dissolved in 2007, Kepi, the group's prolific, former frontman, has been keeping himself busy with his own folk punk/punk rock solo project. *I Bleed Rock N Roll* is an unexpected departure from his previous sound into the world of straight, uncut rock n' roll. The album opens with "Rock N Roll Shark," a song in which Mr. Ghoulie compares himself to the sharp-toothed killers of the sea, who, it is rumored, have to keep swimming to stay alive. If he doesn't keep consuming vast amounts of rock n' roll, he explains, he will surely die. "Part Time Romeo" and "The Fever" are catchy standouts, and in addition to his 12 original numbers, Kepi tosses a delightful **Johnny Thunders** cover into the mix. The heartfelt way in which Kepi bares his rock n' roll stigmata is akin to listening to **the Rolling Stones'** "It's Only Rock 'n roll (But I Like it)" on repeat. He's right,

you know. What the world needs now is rock n' roll. *—Nate Perkins*

Laura Gibson

La Grande

Barsuk Records

Street: 01.24

Laura Gibson = Laura Marling + Laura Veirs

I may or may not have a girl-crush on Ms. Gibson, and the most fitting description I can think of for her is: lovely. I often bereave having missed her in-store show at *Slowtrain* a few years back. Luckily, I can slip under the spell of this new beauty of an album, which features small cameos from band members of **The Dodos** and **The Decemberists**. Her voice is haunting and the tiniest bit scratchy—perfect for listening to in snowy weather. *La Grande* is stunning and shadowy, and as Gibson herself said, "I wholeheartedly believe it is the best work I've ever done." The track, "Skin, Warming Skin," stands out as particularly alluring, with a whimsical, almost-faraway sound. This album glows with grace and richness, from the first track to the last. Gibson implements a range of instruments, from bass to pump organ to marching drum. Watch the music video for "Milk-Heavy, Pollen-Eyed" on *Vimeo* if you can, and admire her as she plays walking along the street. *—Kia McGinnis*

Magnetix

Drogue Électrique

Slovenly

Street: 10.11.11

Magnetix = The Drags + The Cramps + Davie Allen

This boy/girl Bordeaux French duo continue to make their version of sludgy-garage punkrock with the release of *Drogue Électrique*. These 10 sleazy songs are raw, greasy and guaranteed to wake you up. The title track is one of two sung in French, starting the album with bent distortions and crunchy melodies. "I Drink (But My Guitar Doesn't)" is a cocktail of rabid and raunchy fuzz accompanied by rolling drums, while the trash-surf instrumental, "LR6," reveals a few clap-along moments. Also, check out the pulsating guitar on "Rest of My Life." Any fan of fuzzed-out, raucous, dirty rock will enjoy *Drogue Électrique*. *—Courtney Blair*

Majestic Downfall

The Blood Dance

Chaos Records

Street: 01.10

Majestic Downfall = Anathema (early) + Forgotten Tomb + Paradise Lost (early)

There isn't much doom/death genre re-interpretation with Mexico's Majestic Downfall's *The Blood Dance*, but don't let that dissuade your ear holes of the musical merits of this record. Large influences from early European doom acts appear in the album's seven tracks of pure, dismal obliteration. The transitioning from beyond-melancholy pacing, embraced with interesting and multi-layered guitar leads and solos, takes the doom portions of *The Blood Dance* into glorious gloom, punched straight to the gut. "Dimensions Plague," does a great job at showcasing the elements of this entire album; its dirgey razor-blade-to-skin-ridden intro sets up your sadness, then anger and rage bursts like an engorged heart through a fragile ribcage, closing out with interesting, sorrowful, piled-on-top beautifully layered melodic guitar leads and solos with echoing screams. *The Blood Dance* plays out as an exercise in lost hope and acceptance. With melodies on top of rage, mingled with depression, the songs stand alone as hefty morsels, or taken as a whole—go ahead, it's only an hour out of your miserable life. *—Bryer Wharton*

Matthew Herbert

One Pig

Accidental

Street: 10.17.11

Matthew Herbert = John Cage x (Kate Bush + John Moran)



This album forces a confrontation with any thoughtful carnivore's trepidation: the short, cruel lives of meat animals. It is recorded over the titular pig's life—and as it is butchered, prepared by celebrity chefs, and eaten, a soundscape is built from the pig's life and music is made using its body parts, including a hide drum and a pig's blood-and-reed instrument. The old saying is that we use everything but the oink; on this album, even that is used to a chilling and surprisingly-engaging effect. The tracks are experimental aural pastiches, marrying the expected loops of the grunting porker with surprisingly lovely staccato noises crafted by bones sawed, knives sharpened

and flesh fried. The last and only vocal track, "May 2011," is unexpectedly sad in the aftermath of what has gone before. A discomforting experiment, and not something to be entered into lightly, this is the kind of album every consumer of the many products that use swine—from beer to cigarettes to toothpaste—should engage. *—Madelyn Boudreaux*

Mickey Moonlight

...And The Time Axis

Manipulation Corporation

Ed Banger Records

Street: 12.06.11

Mickey Moonlight = Adele + Bob Marley + Com Truise

The words "trippy," "eccentric" and "soothing" came to mind when listening to the new Mickey Moonlight LP. "Intergalactic ambient nu-bohemian folk music" is the best way to describe it, as I can't seem to place Mickey Moonlight's LP anywhere else. With tracks like "Close to Everything" and "Diamonds in the Mind of Talula," this album is a dramatic but tasteful introduction to this new producer from the UK. My favorite track on the album, "A Big Ship Passing," is a two-minute documentary on really big ships passing naturally slow through the water. With creepy, airy samples and synths that make you feel like you're on the Titanic, the track was aesthetically pleasing to my ear and has become my new alarm clock. With the help of musicians like **George Lewis Jr.** from **Twin Shadow**, or **Tahita Bulmer** from **New Young Pony Club**, *Mickey Moonlight* and *The Time Axis Manipulation Corporation* isn't just a mouthful, it's a musical diffusion centerpiece. *—Mama Beatz*

Morkobot

Morbo

Supernatural Cat

Street: 10.24.11

Morkobot = Primus + Blackhole – vocals



Morbo is so close to being awesome. So close. The idea of a stripped-down three-piece consisting of drums and two grungy basses is

enough to make me think, “Really? Huh I’ll give that a listen.” The album opener, “Ultramorph,” begins with a start/stop, sliding bass riff that required me to significantly increase the volume, then start the track again to make sure I fully enjoyed what was happening. If the entire album was as fresh and poundingly rhythmic as “Ultramorph,” then this would be an 8 out of 10. Straightforward tracks like “Orkotomb” and “Oktomorb” demonstrate that Mokobot doesn’t quite realize the ‘something’ that is important for every instrumental band to understand: The listener needs something captivating to make up for the lack of vocals. In fact, as much as I hate to say it, *Morbo* needs vocals. —Andrew Roy

Run Dan Run

Normal
Hearts and Plugs
Street: 01.10
Run Dan Run = Sufjan Stevens + Broken Social Scene
Starting off as just a side project between friends, Run Dan Run has really come a long way. Their sophomore release, *Normal*, shows a darker and musically richer band—one that is maturing. This won’t be the last we see of them. *Normal* has elements of how sometimes **Broken Social Scene** sounds literally broken, but Run Dan Run doesn’t put it together quite as eloquently as BSS does. A few highlights from the album include “Lovesick Animal,” which has some soothing, gentle vocals, accompanied by an upbeat guitar melody. In contrast, there is “Gestures & Patterns,” which is written in the ever-melancholy minor mode, and paired with just enough sadness in the vocals to make you want stay in your bed until the winter is over. Overall, this is a decent spin, but nothing to write home about. This is the kind of record you’ll choose one song from to put on a mix to prove your knowledge of obscure music, but not an album you’ll play over and over again. —Kylie Cox

The Slackers

The Radio
Whatever
Street: 01.17
The Slackers = Skandalous All-Stars + King Khan + Sam & Dave
Slackers organist/vocalist **Vic Ruggiero** has dubbed the Brooklyn band’s mixture of ska, soul, garage rock and reggae as “Jamaican Rock N Roll,” and that description

has never been more apt than on their latest effort. Fresh off their 20th anniversary, *The Radio* consists of 11 cover songs, ranging from **The Misfits** to **Madonna**, and from **Elton John** to the **Rolling Stones**. The band has always been heavily indebted to the late ‘60s and early ‘70s music of both America and Jamaica, and their versions of old pop songs are particularly psychedelic and soulful—check out “Reach Out” (originally by **The Four Tops**) and “Game of Love” (**Wayne Fontana**). The album’s best track, however, is “Ganbare,” a cover of the Japanese punk group **Blue Hearts**, complete with Japanese vocals. The album’s production is also a nice touch, featuring a slightly dirty sound that lends to the feeling that you’re actually listening to radio tunes from several decades ago. The true key to The Slackers’ success has always been their ability to diversify their sound, and *The Radio* is a testament to that—just skip the cover of “Like a Virgin.” (*In The Venue: 02.16*) —Ricky Vigil

Tim “Love” Lee

Fully Bearded: 15 Years of Tummy Touch in Dub
Tummy Touch Records
Street: 11.08.11
Fully Bearded= DFA + Chemical Brothers + Liquid Liquid + early Police

What happened here is that the A&R brains and founder of label *Tummy Touch* took some select songs spanning the label’s 15-year existence, and reworked the songs in a “dub” style. Remixing all of these songs gives the album nice uniformity and consistency throughout, so it makes it easy for the album to have the feel of a long-player, and less of a label “sampler” (or mixtape, as I used to call them). Lee does a smashing job of weaving all the tracks together very tastefully, making the collection intriguing and compelling overall. He doesn’t change the integrity of the songs, and it’s not really overly dubby, either, which is nice. As a whole, this compilation piques my curiosity about the individual bands contained here, compelling me to check out more of the musical endeavors on this obscure label. This is an album that is worthwhile from beginning to end; a sampler with high-quality content. —Mary Houdini

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SATURDAY JAN 21 / TONY HOLIDAY @ 9PM
SATURDAY JAN 28 / FAUNA @ 9PM

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ALL SCREENINGS FREE / HELD AT UTAH MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART (FORMERLY THE SALT LAKE ART CENTER) – 20. S. WEST TEMPLE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13 – 7PM



The Color Of Your Socks: A Year with Pipilotti Rist
Directed by Michael Hegglin
This film follows the Swiss video artist Pipilotti Rist as she prepares for a major show at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Since winning the Duemila Prize at the Biennale di Venezia in 1997, Rist has established herself as a major presence in video art. For the first time, she lets a documentary filmmaker into her world, providing insight into her creative process, the development of projects and the collaboration with her team.


FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10 – 7PM



I Am Secretly An Important Man
Directed by Peter Sillen
This portrait of Steven J. Bernstein (aka Jesse Bernstein) illuminates the life and work of one of Seattle’s most celebrated voices. Known for his angry and surprisingly fresh lyrical writings about people alienated by society, his rhythms—filled with humor and pain—were especially exciting when read in his gravely voice. Unfortunately much of Jesse’s work has not yet found the audience it deserves outside the Pacific Northwest.

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JANUARY	1	SUN	2	MON	3	TUE	4	WED	5	THUR	6	FRI	7	SAT
									7:00 pm Masterclass with Fredrick Wiseman				11:00 am WHITE LION	
	8	SUN	9	MON	10	TUE	11	WED	12	THUR	13	FRI	14	SAT
					7:00 pm REDEMPTION OF GENERAL BUTT NAKED					7:00 pm COLOR OF YOUR SOCKS				
	15	SUN	16	MON	17	TUE	18	WED	19	THUR	20	FRI	21	SAT
22	SUN	23	MON	24	TUE	25	WED	26	THUR	27	FRI	28	SAT	
29	SUN	30	MON	31	TUE									
				7:00 pm PLASTIC PLANET										


FEBRUARY														
	5	SUN	6	MON	7	TUE	8	WED	9	THUR	10	FRI	11	SAT
					7:00 pm LOUDER THAN A BOMB						7:00 pm I AM SECRETLY AN IMPORTANT MAN			
	12	SUN	13	MON	14	TUE	15	WED	16	THUR	17	FRI	18	SAT
					6:30 pm ANOTHER EARTH									
19	SUN	20	MON	21	TUE	22	WED	23	THUR	24	FRI	25	SAT	
				7:00 pm GRANITO: How to Nail a Dictator				7:00 pm TBA						
26	SUN	27	MON	28	TUE	29	WED							
				7:00 pm IF A TREE FALLS										



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RioTinto

the daily calendar

Send your dates by the 25th of the previous month: dailycalendar@slugmag.com.

Friday, January 6
Colin Robison's Honest Soul – *Bar Deluxe*
The Krypted. The Insurgency, Triage Revival Project – *Burt's*
DJ Jordan Laws – *Hotel*
Motherlode Canyon Band – *Spur*
Silent Civilian, Mureau, Vengeance, Deny Your Faith, Prosthetic Heads, Downfall – *South Shore*
Friday Night Jib Fights – *Park City*
Slumber Party: Book on Tape
Worm, Moth & The Flame – *Velour*
Youth-In-Eyes, Cavelight Captains, Optamystical, C-Crime, Lake Squad, J. savage – *Kilby*
Cancer Benefit w/The Suicycles – *The Woodshed*
Dubwise – *Urban*
First Friday – UMOCA

Saturday, January 7
DJ Spinbad – *Club Elevate*
Whiskey Blanket, Peace Officer, GeorgeLife, The Bridge – *Bar Deluxe*
Castle Axe, Visigoth, Toxicdose – *Burt's*
Ultimate Combat Experience – *Bliss Nightlife*
Stonefed – *Hog Wallow*
Burnell Washburn – *Kilby*
Muddpuddle – *Spur*
Slumber Party: Book on Tape
Worm, Moth & The Flame – *Velour*
Afro Omega, Lady Murasaki – *Garage*
Eagle Twin, Cornered By Zombies, Settle Down – *Urban*

Sunday, January 8
Maceo Parker – *State Room*
Happy Birthday, Angela Brown!

Monday, January 9
Toast to Hip Hop – *Burt's*
Heart to Heart, Currents, From the Top, Mess of Me, Useless Warning, Morrow Hill – *Kilby*
Happy Birthday, Kyle Trammell!

Tuesday, January 10
Call your mom – *Any place cool*

Wednesday, January 11
Jesus or Genome – *Poplar*
Whiskey Blanket, Peace Officer – *SideCar*
Devon Allman's Honeytribe, Nicki Bluhm & The Gamblers – *State Room*
DCOI, Side Effects, All Systems Fail, Rebellious Cause, Relentless Threat, Stark Raving Mad – *The Underground II*
The Pentagraham Crackers,

The Awful Truth, Sea Monster – *Urban*

Thursday, January 12
Akustik Boogie – *Fat's Grill*
The Porch – *Muse*
Jason Isbell & the 400 Unit – *State Room*
Jesus Or Genome, White Nite, Samuel McCollum, Steve Cook – *Why Sound*
Preston Powis – *Kilby*
Wisebird, Marinade, Cactus Fuzz – *Urban*
X-Dance – Depot
Happy Birthday, Tony Bassett!

Friday, January 13
Zombiance, Tuxedo Tramps, The Blue Moon Bombers – *Burt's*
Josh Johnson, Melody & Tyler – *Why Sound*
Zach Hillyard Band – *Woodshed*
Friday Night Jib Fights – *Snowbasin*
Sam Burton CD Release – *Kilby*
Max Payne & The Groovies, NoNoYesYes – *Garage*
Film: The Color Of Your Socks – *Utah Museum of Contemporary Art*
X-Dance – Depot
Underground Gypsy Cabaret – Bar Deluxe
SLUG Localized: ABK, Vena Cava, Filth Lords – Urban

Saturday, January 14
Mayson Lee and the Rock n'Roll Spacestuds – *Burt's*
Your Meteor, Anthropology – *Café Mergot*
MadHatter, DJ Quack – *Club Sound*
A Burlesque Underdress Winter Fest w/ Lady Murasaki – *Bar Deluxe*
Video, Tessa Barton, Larusso, Chasing Constellations – *In The Venue*
A Lull, Deleted Scenes, Nurses – *Kilby*
Grey Fiction, Waters Rising, Aaron Turley, Dream Eater – *Muse*
Sofa Sly – *Pat's BBQ*
American Hitmen – *Poplar Street Pub*
Marc Maron – *Wiseguys*
Blue Trees – *Garage*
Lorn – *Urban*

X-Dance – Depot
SLUG Games: Dawn of the Shred – Brighton

Sunday, January 15
Aiden, Modern Day Escape – *Kilby*
My Dead Friends by Anna West – *Ulysses*
Marc Maron – *Wiseguys*
X-Dance – Depot

Monday, January 16
Melismatics – *Piper Down*
Loom, I Am The Ocean, Bear Cubbins – *Urban*

Tuesday, January 17
Mobile Death Camp, Beefcake, Dethblo, Huldra, Bloodpurge – *Burt's*



Marc Maron @ Wiseguys 01.13 and 01.14

Allstar Weekend, The After Party, Hollywood Ending – *Complex*
Happy Birthday, Jennifer Quintana!

Wednesday, January 18
Jesus or Genome – *Poplar*
If We Start This Fire, Summer In Alaska, Da Rapticons, Stories of Ambition, Blinded By Truth – *Kilby*
Wild Cat Strike, Papa Blues & The Two Shoes, Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys – *Urban*
Happy Birthday, Barrett Doran!

Thursday, January 19
Reverend Horton Heat – *Jupiter Bowl*
Ashley Garbe CD Release – *Velour*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Dead at the Gates, Cherish The King – *Kilby*
The Stillborn King – *Burt's*
Pat Maine & Pig Pen CD Release – *Urban*

Friday, January 20
New work by artists Alex Pardee and Dave Correia – *Blonde Grizzly*
Delphic Quorum, Silver Slippers, Pryisma – *Other End*
Friday Night Jib Fights – *Brighton*
The Up Collar\$, Buffalo, Via Versa – *Why Sound*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Blackhounds – *Kilby*

Alpha Omega, No Nation Orchestra – *Urban*
Ortega The Omega, T3nessee, Kisb, Bside, Madmax, Drea – *Woodshed*
Slamdance – Park City

Saturday, January 21
J.P.'s and Dave Jones' Birthday Bash: Oldtimer, Top Dead Celebrity, Dwellers – *Burt's*
The Beginning At Last – *Complex*
Jackie Green – *Depot*
Folk Hogan – *Green Pig*
Zac Brown Band – *Maverik Center*
Free for Families: Papyrus Painting – *UMFA*
The Hood Internet, Flash & Flare, Muscle Hawk, Chase One Two – *Urban*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Bryan John Appleby – *Kilby*
The Weekenders – *Garage*
People's Market Seed Swap – *Community Food Co-op of Utah* (1726 S. 700 W.)
Wasatch Roller Derby Season Opener – Derby Depot
Slamdance – Park City

Sunday, January 22
The Cool Kids – *Urban*
NOVA Chamber Series – *Libby Gardner Hall*
Slamdance – Park City

Monday, January 23
Normandie Wilson – *Piper Down*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
The Wreckchords – *Kilby*
Doomtree – *Urban*
Slamdance – Park City

Tuesday, January 24
Sarah Peacock – *Café Marmalade*
Royal Bliss – *Complex*
Augustana – *In The Venue*
Andy Grammer, Ryan Star – *State Room*
Charles Ellsworth – *Kilby*
Steve Aoki – *Complex*
Fox Van Cleef – *Urban*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Slamdance – Park City

Wednesday, January 25
Eve Hell and the Razors – *Burt's*
Stubeeee, Your Meteor, Alphasyntuari – *Kilby*
Jesus or Genome – *Poplar*
Chamber Music Series – *UMFA*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Stubeeeee, Your Meteor – *Kilby*
Slamdance – Park City

Thursday, January 26
Misfritz – *Burt's*

Adam Acrugai & The Lupine Chorale Society – *Kilby*
Flying Lotus – *Urban*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Slamdance – Park City
Happy Birthday, Espo!

Friday, January 27
ABK CD Release Party – *Burt's*
Emilie Autumn – *Complex*
Sofa Fly, Wafer – *Fat's Grill*
Braid Paisley, The Band Perry, Scotty McCreery – *Maverik Center*
People Under the Stars, Sweatshop Union, Burnell Washington – *Urban*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Exit of the Envois, Golden Sun – *Kilby*
Marinade, Ramona – *Woodshed*
Happy Birthday, Jason Gianchetta!

Saturday, January 28
Authority Zero, Voodoo Glow Skulls, Sky Fox, Loom – *Bar Deluxe*
Old Man Markley Returns, The Folka Dots – *Burt's*
Ghost, Blood Ceremony, Ancient Wisdom – *Complex*
Stolen Babies, Tragic Black, Contaminated Intelligence – *Kilby*
Eidola, The Second Round, The Daniels – *Muse*
The Jayhawks – *State Room*
Blind Pilot – *Urban*
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Buster Blue – *Garage*

Sunday, January 29
Sundance Film Festival – *Park City*
Lab Dogs – *Garage*
Euforquestra – *Urban*

Monday, January 30
Work on those resolutions you made – *Any place cool*

Tuesday, January 31
The Heroine, Hotel Le Motel – *Burt's*
Live Lava Live, Meekakitty, Nanalew, Alex Carpenter, Jason Munday – *Complex*
Rosy Ledet, Zydeco Playboys – *State Room*
Blouse, It Foot It Ears, You Read My Diary – *Kilby*
Max Pain & The Groovies, Zodiac DeathValley, Dark Seas – *Urban*

Wednesday, February 1
Terence Blanchard Quintet – *Capitol Theatre*

Thursday, February 2
Alabama Shakes – *State Room*

Friday, February 3
The Ghost Inside, Sleeping With Sirens, Chunk! No Captain Chunk!, Dream On Dreamer – *Club Sound*
Mat Kearney – *In The Venue*
Funkngonzo – *Woodshed*
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THE URBAN LOUNGE

January

Jan 3: FLOW, Hamilton Beach, Stag Hare
 Jan 4: Joshua Payne Orchestra vs David Williams
 Jan 5: The Pretty Darns, Turbophonix, The Lucky Crickets
 Jan 6: DUBWISE
 Jan 7: Eagle Twin, Cornered By Zombies, Settle Down
 Jan 11: The Pentagram Crackers, The Awful Truth, Sea Monster
 Jan 12: DESERT ROCKS PRESENTS Wisebird, Marinade, Cactus Fuzz
 Jan 13: SLUG LOCALIZED Vena Cava, ABK, Filth Lords
 Jan 14: AUDIOFLO PRESENTS LORN
 Jan 16: Loom, I Am The Ocean, Bear Cubbins
 Jan 18: Wild Cat Strike, Papa Blues & The Two Shoes, Nathan Spenser & The Low Keys

Sundance Film Festival:

Jan 19: Pat Maine & Pig Pen CD Release
 Jan 20: Afro Omega, No Nation Orchestra (Reggae & Afro Beat)
 Jan 21: THE HOOD INTERNET, Flash & Flare, Muscle Hawk, Chase One Two
 Jan 22: The Cool Kids
 Jan 23: DOOMTREE
 Jan 24: Fox Van Cleef
 Jan 26: FLYING LOTUS
 Jan 27: PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS, SWEATSHOP UNION, Burnell Washburn
 Jan 28: BLIND PILOT

Jan 29: Euforquestra
 Jan 31: Max Pain & The Groovies, Zodiac Death Valley, Dark Seas

Coming Soon:

Feb 4: Dr. Dog
 Feb 5: Tulsii
 Feb 14: Cursive
 Feb 16: Jenny Owen Youngs
 Feb 17: Bonobo
 Feb 18: Form of Rocket
 Feb 19: Happy Birthday, Lance Saunders!
 Feb 20: Talk Demonix
 Feb 21: Leslie & The LY's
 Feb 24: The Devil Whale & Spell Talk
 Feb 25: PROM
 Feb 27: Zola Jesus
 Mar 3: Crocodiles
 Mar 8: The Growlers
 Mar 10: Youth Lagoon
 Mar 12: Howlin' Rain
 Mar 16: Saul Williams
 Mar 21: William Fitzsimmons
 Mar 26: Rehab
 Mar 27: Nada Surf
 Mar 28: Lucero
 Mar 30: Electric Six
 Mar 31: Rootz Underground
 Apr 3: Mr. Gnome
 Apr 10: Neon Indian
 Apr 11: CULTS
 Apr 13: Hanni El Khatib
 Apr 30: Delta Spirit

Happy New Year!

21 +
 DOORS AT 9PM
 241 SOUTH 500 EAST
 SLC // UT

KILBY COURT JANUARY 2012

741 South
 330 West
 (Kilby Ct.)

*All shows start at 7pm
 (unless otherwise noted)

kilbycourt.com

5: Mister Richter, Demented Asylum, Castle Axe
 6: Wasatch Renaissance Presents "Greatest Flow on Earth 2" Featuring: Youth-In-Eyes, Cavellight Captians, Optamystical, C-Crime, Lake Squad, J.savage & More!
 7: Burnell Washburn, TBA
 9: DisasTOUR! Featuring: Heart to Heart, Currents, From The Top, Mess of Me, Useless Warning, Morrow Hill (DOORS: 6pm)
 12: Preston Powis (DOORS: 6:30)
 13: Sam Burton CD Release!
 14: A Lull, Deleted Scenes, Nurses
 15: Aiden & Modern Day Escape
 18: If We Start This Fire, Summer In Alaska, Da Rapticons, Stories of Ambition, Blinded By Truth (DOORS: 6:30)
 19: Dead at the Gates, Cherish The King, The Glass House, Dismemberment of Me, Consumed By Silence (DOORS: 6:30)
 20: Blackhounds Farewell show, TBA
 21: Bryan John Appleby, TBA
 23: The Wreckchords, TBA
 24: Charles Ellsworth, TBA
 25: Stubeeee, Your Meteor
 26: Adam Arcuragi & the Lupine Chorale Society
 27: Exit of the Envois, Golden Sun (DOORS: 6:30)
 28: Stolen Babies, Tragic Black, Contaminated Intelligence
 31: Blouse, It Foot It Ears, You Read My Diary



THE COMPLEX

FOR UPCOMING EVENTS
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THE BEGINNING AT
 SATURDAY JAN 21ST



ROYAL BLISS
 TUESDAY JAN 24TH



GHOST
 SATURDAY JAN 28TH



FALLING IN REVERSE
 TUESDAY FEB 7TH



AUGUST BURNS RED
 WEDNESDAY FEB 8TH



CHILDREN OF BODOM
 FRIDAY FEB 10TH



ANTHONY GREEN
 FRIDAY FEB 17TH



DARK FUNERAL
 THURSDAY FEB 23RD



SYMPHONY X & ICED
 FRIDAY FEB 24TH

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So what if it has been a topsy-turvy year?

At least it wasn't boring. Budweiser never is either.
Exclusive Beechwood Ageing makes sure of that.
So, unwind and upend a Bud..

Budweiser is the King of Beers.

(But you know that.)